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## REFLECTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OWEN M. WILSON, JR.

To-night, through the fanciful chambers of thought,
Memory's incense steals silently 'long,
Breathing a quiet ecstatic and sweet
As the soul-soothing notes of a song;
The sunny rim of days that shadowless dawned
O'er life's pathway, then rosy and fair,
Ere the bright dream of youth grew sordid and cold
'Neath the dark, clinging shadows of care.

Ay! I am thinking, fondly thinking of those
Whose smiles I shall never more see;
Yet, through the twilight of life's gathering night
Their voices seem calling to me;
And, as soft, snowy wings, from that measureless land,
They seem to me oft as of old,
Whis'pering of joys, whose tireless steps ever
Are pressing the bright sands of gold.

Sadly, without, the pallid moon gleams,
And the chill winds of winter moan low;
Within, the dim phantoms of vanished days flit,
Wierd and still in the firelight's warm glow;
And like a dream through the chambers of thought
Memory's meeting is waited along,
Breathing a quiet ecstatic and sweet
As the soul-soothing notes of a song.

*Prospect College, Covington, Ky.*

# RAVENSPUR;

OR,

## THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD STONE MANSION.

### A ROMANCE OF VIRGINIA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LINWOOD LAYTON.


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### CHAPTER XXVII.

FINALE.

In order to close up satisfactorily the narrative I have undertaken to give my readers, and to explain the mystery that hung over Ravenspur for so many years, it is necessary that I go back to that memorable night when the action of Hubert Linwood, prompted as it was by the dictates of humanity, implicated him in the crime of murder, and caused him to flee for his life. Before he got away from the dangerous neighborhood where so many were hounding him to the death, he remained in concealment for several days at Ravenspur, hid by Evelyn Hawlett; and when at last he was compelled to fly, she accompanied him, determined to go to the ends of the earth with him, and share his fate, whatever that might be. In the pursuit that was made, Evelyn was captured; but, as I said in another place, Hubert himself effected his escape only by a hairbreadth.

The shame, mortification and rage of Colonel Hawlett at the conduct of his only daughter were simply indescribable. He disowned her, and forbade her ever entering his house again. Her portrait was veiled, and no one was permitted to mention her name in his presence. The feelings of Mrs. Hawlett were scarcely less stirred, as she shared with her husband that sense of stately dignity, decorum and family-pride; but she could not forget that she was her child, and, while she complied with his stern requirements, she managed with a woman's tact to prevent the utter departure of Evelyn from her presence.

Mrs. Jubal Higgins, who had been the occupant of the Haunted House but a short time, and who, owing to a personal deformity, was never seen outside of the old building, was a quiet, meek woman, and was easily persuaded to accept the contested girl as a daughter, and to give her a safe asylum in her house. Here Mrs. Hawlett occasionally made stealthy visits to her child, who, however, never ventured to Ravenspur until on that celebration of the Feast of Saint Michael, when, prompted by an impulse which she could never explain, she hurried thither; and, as related in the first chapter, the Colonel expired with her arms about his neck. Before this he had learned of her presence in the Haunted House, and he would only allow her to remain there upon her solemn promise never to see Hubert Linwood without his consent. Evelyn, in answer to her mother's prayer, gave this pledge, which she knew would forever. The awful grief which came like a thunderbolt upon the young head of Evelyn affected her mind, and for several years she was not herself. Her hallucination, however, was of a mild type, and was entirely recovered from at the time her father was stricken down with apoplexy. Then the shock of his death affected her mental faculties again, but a recurring mother wished her to remain at Ravenspur after the funeral; but she could never forget, even in her demented moments, the commands of her father, and she went back to the Haunted House, where she was tenderly cared for, and where for a time she scarcely ever ventured out-of-doors. When she did so, she was generally hooded and veiled like an old woman, and her identity was suspected by only a very few, who knew her original self.

Right here I should state that Hubert Linwood, in his interview with her in the wood, detected this mental affliction, and it was that knowledge which kept back much that was upon his lips lest he should dangerously excite her. So, on another occasion, did Fred Janeway, who was equally guarded in his utterances; and this was one of the dread shadows which darkened her young life.

Mrs. Hawlett regularly visited her daughter, although the latter could not be persuaded to set her foot inside of the Ravenspur mansion. Evelyn was under the professional charge of Doctor Janeway, who made stated calls; and it will be remembered that Hubert Linwood saw him enter and depart from the house while he was reconnoitring the outside.

Jubal Higgins, after the tragical death of the overseer, became much affected in body and greatly changed in manner. He seemed determined to keep up the reputation his ill-stained house bore, and used his wife as the principal means. The meek, weak-minded woman did all that he commanded, and acted the part of ghost to perfection. The tall, unsightly figure that appeared at the window-pane when Hubert Linwood was in the Haunted House was partly her, and partly an effigy which her husband had constructed and placed over the country with a bricker and then over; and in reply to the numerous congratulations that poured upon him on every hand, he said:

"Well, Fred was always a rather smart boy, if I do say it; and if he lives long enough, he will make his mark in the world."

Several days had passed since the acquittal of Hubert Linwood, and he was seated one evening in the office of his friend Fred Janeway, conversing on the past. He had just compelled, almost by actual force I should say, the young lawyer to accept a liberal fee for his inestimable services in this era of his life, and just at this moment he was speculating as to what he should do with himself.

"I think I shall have to hunt up the Stormy Petrel and take my place again upon her deck as her captain. The ship is somewhere on the other side the water, and can probably be found."

"Why do that, Hubert? You are rich and expect to marry Evelyn, who seems to be improving in health. Why not settle down among us and——"

The sailor-captain interrupted him by raising his hand and shaking his head.

"Don't you know that can never be? When Colonel Hawlett died, he had not recalled the prohibition against our union, and Evelyn dare not violate her pledge to him. I cannot remain here, where I shall see her passing in and out before me; and know that I can never be anything more to her than I am now. I must go away and plunge into danger again and strive to a certain degree—what's the matter?" he suddenly noticed, as Fred sprang up and began searching in the safe among some papers.

"What a fool I have been not to have thought of it before?" he muttered to himself, and then spoke out: "You remember the paper that I told you I dreamed about, and that I found in father's office? Well, that has a bearing upon this case, and I had forgotten all about it until your remark just now recalled it to me. Ah! here it is, just as I had put it away nearly two months ago. Please read it."

Hubert Linwood took the slip of paper. Unfolding it, he read with feelings which I leave my readers to imagine, if they can, the following in the bold, unmistakable handwriting of Colonel Hawlett, and dated within a month of his death. It was addressed to Doctor Janeway, his confidential friend, who, it will be remembered, was intimately acquainted with his domestic troubles:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR.—Somehow or other, within the last six months, I have thought on more than one occasion that among the wonderful things of this life may yet be established the innocence of Hubert Linwood of the crime laid to his charge. You will laugh at this, and I wish to say that I believe in his guilt as firmly as ever, and as implicitly as you do yourself. But I say more, and what I make known to no other living person. A curious feeling prompts it so strongly that I dare not longer refrain from putting it on paper. Should I be removed before you, and after my death should Hubert Linwood return and establish his innocence of all complicity in this tragedy, and *should she true criminal be found*, then I not only withdraw my prohibition of his union with Evelyn, but desire you to make known to them my wish that they shall wed each other, believing the happiness of both will be secured thereby. In case the guilt still fastens itself upon Linwood, then you will make this known to no living person. PERCY HAWLETT."

When Hubert Linwood had read this through, he sat down, as pale as death and unable to speak. Thinking he was about to faint, Fred offered him a glass of water, but he motioned him away, and leaned his head upon his hand.

When he had partially regained control of his emotions, he asked:

"May I keep this?"

"Of course; it is yours."

Then he rose to his feet, and without another word passed out the office and down the street to the Appleton mansion, where Evelyn was still remaining, not quite so pale and thin and weak as when they last met, but still in a condition to excite the most serious alarm among her friends. When they stood alone in the parlor, he took her hand, and, leading her to the window, said:

"Now, dearest Evelyn, prepare for the greatest surprise and shock of your life."

"Ah! Hubert, you have come to tell me you are going away forever. I have expected it," she replied in her sad, mournful voice.

"No; I haven't come to tell you that, but to bring you a message from the dead—from your father, and it is good tidings."

She stared wonderingly at him, and by way of reply he handed her the slip that he had received but a short time before from Fred Janeway.

Poor Evelyn! It did seem as if nothing more could move her, but this was of such an utterly unexpected nature that she sank into her chair like one dead.

"Now will you live for me?" he tenderly whispered, as he leaned over and touched his lips to her forehead.

"Oh, I can hardly realise it!" she said, looking at him in a strange way. "Do I dream? Is this true, indeed?"

"You know your father's handwriting, Evelyn," he said, trembling lest the shock had been too much for her mind.

"Yes; it is his. But how came it in your possession? Tell me all about it."

And with his face radiant with his great soul-happiness he looked straight into her beautiful bewildered eyes, and gave her the history of the bit of paper, so far as it was known to him.

"Does mother know aught of this?" she asked when he had finished.

"I cannot tell; but I think not."

"Then to-morrow we go to Ravenspur," she said, "and it will be our letter of introduction. Poor, dear father! he was right, after all; and I shall revere his memory all through life."

Shall I tell how Mrs. Hawlett received the two like the dead come back to life? How she held the sobbing daughter to her bosom, and welcomed Hubert as a son? How the dark, ominous cloud that had so long impended over the Ravenspur mansion and its inmates, and the shadow of heaven shone through and irradiated all beneath.

At the grand wedding at the old country-seat, which was one of the most celebrated in that portion of Virginia, Fred Janeway and Alice Appleton assisted, and seemed as happy as the two who were at last united after so many dark, cruel years of separation. And in Richmond shortly afterwards the brilliant, handsome Fred himself took the same position toward the imperial beauty Alice Appleton. The alliance proved of the most happy character in every respect, her family position, talents, beauty and accomplishments adding a certain moral power to his ambitious efforts to ascend the ladder of fame, and acting always as a soothing, sustaining balm, whenever he threatened to become disheartened and weary in the great struggle of life. And when reward came at last in the shape of every distinction that an honorable man could covet, she shared the joy equally with him, and thanked heaven that it had seen fit to link the fate of the two together so many years before.

Palermo lay shimmering in the golden sunlight, one beautiful day in summer. Never did that wondrous plain walled in by mountains, and known as the "Golden Shell," look more lovely and inviting than on this day, when, crowned with its gorgeous luxuriance of tropical vegetation, the three enclosing mountain-ranges were bathed in the cerulean blue of the cloudless sky. The Marina, that remarkable terrace, stretched for a mile along the bay, and the Saracen architecture of the town was as quaint, as grim and as enchanting as on that historical day after Easter, March 30, 1282, when the natives rose against Charles of Anjou, and opened the great massacre of the "Sicilian Vespers."

Among the numerous shipping lying in the harbor of Palermo was the rakish little vessel Stormy Petrel, just making ready to hoist sail and pass out on the broad bosom of the Mediterranean. The same crew are on board as on that eventful night, months before, when she aped in such fast time down the James River, in her flight from the outraged authorities of Virginia. Stephen Bullock is now captain, and all is ready, when a carriage sets down a young lady and gentleman upon the wharf, and the gestures of the latter person indicate that he wishes to come on board. They are assisted upon the deck of the vessel; and then the crew, wondering and delighted, gather around their former captain, Hubert Linwood, and his beautiful wife. They are overwhelmed with congratulations; and in reply to the numberless questions raised upon the handsome young groom, and while they are heartily pulling him to pieces in their extravagant manifestations of delight, he manages to make himself understood, and to explain the wonderful story of how he came to be still alive, and in this part of the world with his young wife, upon their wedding-tour.

And when the prow of the Stormy Petrel cleaves the blue Mediterranean she bears as her passengers the happy couple. Forgetful of her terror of the old city of Richmond she bravely sails up the royal James once more; and, before leaving her deck for the last time, her former captain makes over to the faithful crew the entire ownership of the sprightly little ship that he loves so well. And as they step upon the wharf, and shortly afterwards start for their home at Ravenspur, where the stately, serene, and thankful mother awaits them, we say "Good-bye, and may God bless us all!"

THE END.

POOLE AND KENNY.—And here let me say a word or two respecting the above-mentioned popular dramatists, who had worthily won their spurs long before I entered the lists. They were equally witty, but the wit of the one was too frequently a mixture of gall, while Kenny's never left a taste of bitterness behind it. I appreciated Poole's talent, but I loved Kenny. The former was, perhaps, the most humorous as well as the most satirical; the latter more refined and more genial. Dining one day where the host became exceedingly excited and angry at not being able to find any stuffing in a roasted leg of pork, Poole quietly suggested, "Perhaps it is in the other leg." Dining in his company on another occasion, the conversation turned on the comedy of "The School for Scandal." A city knight who was present inquired, "Who Wrote the 'School for Scandal?'" Poole, with the greatest *sang froid*, and a glance of infinite contempt, replied, "Miss Chambers, the banker's daughter." "Ah! indeed," said Sir J——, "clever girl! very clever girl!" Almost immediately afterwards Poole said, "Say, Sir J——, are you a Knight bachelor or a knight errant?" "Well, now—I really can't say—I don't think I ever was asked that question. I'll make it a point to inquire." It was as good as a play to watch Poole's countenance, but I confess his audacity made me shiver. Kenny would have had too much respect for the friend he was dining with to have shown up one of his guests so unmercifully. I do not remember his saying a severe thing of or to anyone. Even in moments of irritation he would give a graceful turn to his reproof. One evening, whilst I was playing whist with him at his own house, Mrs. Kenny burst suddenly into the room, followed by three or four ladies who had been dining with us, all in fits of laughter at some indicrous incident that had occurred, and startled Kenny (a very nervous man) so greatly that he let drop some of his cards, and exclaimed: "Is—*Heaven* broke loose?"—*Planche's Recollections.*

WHEN is an author like spirit? When he is a *proof*.

ELSIE CRAGIN.—"Never darken my doors again."

## A PHILADELPHIA DRAMATIST.

### ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Since writing my reminiscence of "The Gladiator" for the CLIPPER, additional interest has been imparted to it from the destructive fire which has consumed so large a portion of Mr. Forrest's dramatic library. A sketch of the author whose play had sufficient merit to secure over twelve hundred representations may possess some interest for the numerous readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER. Although the late Dr. Bird possessed a brilliant genius and more versatile talent than any writer which the city of Philadelphia has ever produced, there has never been any life written, no record of his remarkable career as a successful physician, college professor, a practical chemist, dramatist, and editor of the oldest of the Philadelphia journals. He was associated with ex-Mayor McMichael in the *United States Gazette and North American*, an able journalist, cut down in the prime of life. But it is as a dramatist well known in theatrical circles that his merit and his history will be appreciated by the lovers of the drama, while the general reader will perceive that which has rendered him, on the stage Dr. Bird was equally familiar with the graver investigations of the exact sciences and the flowery paths of belles-letters, to which he added no slight proficiency in the ornamental arts." This is the sentiment of so judicious and eminent a critic as S. Austin Allibone, LL.D., who enforces his appreciation of the merit of our fellow townsman by a brief but pertinent quotation in reference to one of Dr. Bird's numerous plays, "Calavar, or the Knight of the Conquest of Mexico," of which romance an eminent authority in matters pertaining to Spanish-American history (Prescott) observes that "it is a fiction bordering closely upon the accuracy of history." With the exception of Prescott's magnificent annals of this period, we are not acquainted with any work from which so clear a conception of those times can be gathered as from "Calavar." In its crowding graphic descriptions and scenes of the most intense excitement. The author revels in the variegated vegetation of that sunny clime, and sings of the beauty of the black-eyed fair ones with enthusiasm.

Dr. Bird was born in Delaware (1805), but was educated and passed the greater part of his life in Philadelphia. When young his manifested traits of remarkable precocity, and at the age of fourteen he became distinguished by the extent, variety and accuracy of his acquirements. He early selected the profession of medicine as the pursuit of his life, and with this view he entered the University of Pennsylvania. After a due course of studies he visited the West and Southwest, then comparatively new, partly to recover his health, impaired by long and intense application to his studies, and also partly in the capacity of adviser to judge of taste for observing character or the picturesque in natural scenery. He subsequently engaged in authorship as an occupation, and, as events have shown, with eminent success.

In the "Prose Writers of America" Dr. Bird is awarded a marked distinction for the remarkable extent and dissimilarity of his labors—as a writer of romances, a physician, a newspaper editor, a magazine publisher, and too author of the most successful tragic dramas ever produced in this country; all of which dissimilar pursuits were still further diversified by successful application in the more solid sciences. His chemical investigations were pursued with valuable results."

Dr. Bird produced in succession three tragedies which became more popular, and still continue to be admired and attracting, "The Gladiator" especially has sustained possession of the stage for more than twenty years, and has been represented over one thousand times before appreciating and always crowded audiences. "The Broker of Bogota" and his "Oralcons" have also shown the dramatic power of Dr. Bird, and though he achieved a distinguished reputation as a successful dramatist, and his prose fictions were ranked by competent critics among the ablest works of the kind, he now turned his attention altogether in another direction, as he suddenly withdrew from the literary labors by which he had added in five years fourteen volumes to the literature of Philadelphia. With all his love for elegant literature he was ever a severe student of science and philosophy, and now applied himself especially to chemical investigations. But, while thus occupied in quiet retirement, he was prevailed upon to leave his studies to assume the chair of Materia Medica in Pennsylvania College, a position he continued to occupy during the brief existence of that institution established under the auspices of Dr. George Mecklenai. On the suspension of the college, through an deficiency or fault on his part, he resumed his quiet and more congenial station, though strongly tempted to enter the arena of politics. He was at one period tendered the nomination of United States senator, but he had never been ambitious for political distinction. As editor of a high-toned daily journal he was not averse to the daily and nightly toil, the incessant duty and responsibilities of a position second to no other in its influence upon the weal or woe of the community. He became associated with Morton McMichael as joint editor and proprietor of *The North American and United States Gazette*, a journal founded upon two papers which were for a long course of years identified, in an especial manner, with Philadelphia. One of these—Poulson's *Daily Advertiser*, originally issued as a weekly so long ago as 1771, and which during the occupancy of this city by the British army was printed in Lancaster—at length found its way into the *North American*, and the ancient *United States Gazette* was the other. This latter journal was commenced originally in New York in 1789, but was removed to Philadelphia when this city became the seat of our national government, and assumed the position, and exercised the influence to some extent, of a congressional or government organ. These papers, the one claiming to be the oldest daily newspaper ever issued in this country, and the other the first established organ of our national government, became the nucleus of the daily journal over which Dr. Bird (in 1848) was called to preside. With so able an associate as the subject of our sketch the *North American and United States Gazette* took a leading position in the city, and we have the assurance of Mr. McMichael himself, to whom we are indebted for many of these facts, that no two associates ever worked in more perfect harmony together. "My highest esteem for the man," says the survivor, "was strengthened during a long business connection, the harmony of which was never in the slightest degree disturbed." No higher compliment could be paid to a literary man than that bestowed upon Dr. Bird, that his productions are marked by the further and loftier merit, that they contained "no line which dying he would wish to blot." His pen was never used but in the cause of virtue. The gentleness and elevation of his own nature, his expansive benevolence and chivalric devotion to right, are impressed upon every page of his writings. In his paper his intellectual and moral characteristics, his unsurpassed stores of information, his quick and clear judgment, his ability to grasp, as by intuition, the strong points of a subject, united with unusual facility of composition, were qualities rarely blended, and leave no cause of regret that the hand of death should so soon have closed the brilliant prospect which, in the prime of life, was opening before him.

It is also cause of disappointment and regret that an author so deserving of remembrance, in this the city of his earnest labors, should have failed to this day to have had a biographer, no one to record the life-struggle of so gifted a son of genius, for the apparent indifference may be ascribed to the lamented death of his widow, who had designed some suitable memoir, and to the fact of his only son being a clergyman, residing at a distance and probably disposed to look upon portions of the works of the dramatist as incompatible with the more serious duties of the pulpit.

The writer who makes this brief and desultory notice had the pleasure of an early acquaintance with Dr. Bird, and has preserved several poetical effusions presented to him by the poet himself. They are probably his earliest, if not his first, attempts at poetry. We have enumerated, among his varied and dissimilar vocations, that of a magazine publisher, referring to our joint attempt, in conjunction with a New York publisher (Dearborn), to establish a monthly magazine. Dr. Bird's connection with it ceased after a few months' trial, discouraged by the apathy of his fellow-citizens. This is the more remarkable from the fact that to the editor's unquestionable ability as a writer was added his admirable talent as an artist. He had personally visited the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and gave a graphic and exceedingly well-written account of its then newly-discovered wonders, illustrating his subject with drawings from his own pencil. He leaves behind him few of more varied and varied erudition, of a wider range of knowledge, practical as well as scholastic—not superficial or doubtful, but profound, positive and accurate. Add to these faculties a large comprehension, quickness and power, an organization active as the principle of light, a judgment unerring as mathematical demonstration, and such was the intellectual condition of Robert Montgomery Bird.

Previous to the publication of "Sons of the Gladiator" the then youthful poet had written and entrusted to the writer of this article the lines which now, after careful preservation for a long lapse of years, are introduced here, not so much for their intrinsic merit, as to show the dawning of intellect, the first scintillation of true genius.

INSPIRATION.

"Tis night, and yonder lonely star
Is passing through the dark'ning sky,
Without an earthly thing to jar
Its pathway to eternity.
How beautiful! your ardor rises,
It tells its ceaseless course above,
Without a fellow-planet near—
With none to hate and all to love.

Time witnessed its first trembling ray,
Watching the sun's expiring light;
And now, as on that glorious day,
It gazes on the self-same sight.
And when the morning stars sang out
Hosannas to their Maker's name,
Amid the rest bore clear the shout
Of yonder anointed flame.

Ages have melted like a dream,
And worldly things have passed them by
Like bubbles on a summer stream,
Where ripples are reared and lost and high.
But yet that star is pure as when
Creation started to birth,
Before the feet or soul of man
Had pressed upon this new-born earth.

Storms may have dimmed its placid light,
And clouds may hide it many a day,
Yet soon or late it shines as bright
As if no shade had crossed its way.
But when the hosts are hushed in sleep,
And silence reigns around, on high,
When all the glowing land and deep
Are bleaded in obscurity,

Then does appear that pure, sweet light
Upon the horizon's dark blue rim,
Shining intensely strong and bright,
While every other fire is dim.
'Tis strange that they should exult that star
The orb of love, while reason's gas wide
Hurads its own calm radiance far,
Unchanged by time, by place or side.

No! love lives not in storms and strife,
In the cold world's dark blue lighting;
Where evils cross the path of life,
And every blessing hath its sting.
Away! you orb so pure and bright,
Be characters in the heavens pale,
Is not the wild and fickle light
That passion—burning passion—hath.

Religion! Heaven's torch, is thine,
Thy steadiness, love, are planned there;
Thy pure beauty so divine,
That shuns the day's obtrusive glare,
To ponder—and that gentle light,
Which now upon the earth and sea
Lights us on the flow of midnight,
Is but a type of thine and thee.

*Philadelphia, March, 1873.*

ON THURSDAY.—A smart boy in one of the public schools of Cadiz, Pa., having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The throat—a throat is convenient to have, especially for roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n and tire it up."

THEY TRIED to kill a book-agent in Omaha last week. He was robbed, thrown into the river, knocked of the cars, tossed from a high bridge into the river again, and in two hours he was ironed with an Illustrated Bible, trying to get a subscription out of the attacking party.

## MINE FRAU!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I make dot piece of beetri unt git id to M. Q.'s baby."

Vhen I comes home ad night py my shab,
Who was dot dakes avaide kind of shob
Unt dot sole by my het doesso kindly rub?
Mine Frau! aind it?

Unt who dot was, dot spanks our liddle poys,
Unt is a gvany dt preaks up our baby's toys,
Unt mine het toot unt spoils all mine toys?
Mine Frau! you bet on dot.

Unt in dot small hours 'fon dot night
Who's dot sacs I dond can hafe me some light
To gone to mine bed, coz I was been tight?
Mine Frau! is, py oracious.

Who dot was dot calls me her own "tear,"
Und keeps filled nigh up mine glass mit beer,
Unt hugs me when someone else aind near?
Mine Frau? dond bet py dot.

Savannah, Ga. DAVID PARLDING.

* Suggested by reading Mark Quencher's lay to his baby a few weeks since, and I hope will prove acceptable. D. P.

## ELSIE CRAGIN;

OR,

### A CONSPIRACY FOILED.

"There, Elsie dear"—Aunt Mab always said "dear" when she had any little scheme of her own to carry out—"let that sprig of fuchsias fall a little lower, just to show below your pretty pink ear. Why, what a pretty little ear it is—so small, and as delicately tinted as a seashell."

"Don't, Aunt Mab," I cried, impetuously; "you know I detest flattery."

But Aunt Mab kept on as though she had not heard me.

"There, now you look sweet—the crimson flower making such a pretty contrast with this delicate blue organdy. Do you know I think it the most becoming dress you have? It seems so well adapted to your young and girlish face and figure; and I'm quite sure Mr. Thorne will agree with me. You look as if you were born to be rich, proud and happy, my darling."

"My darling!" I gave a little contemptuous gesture at this point, unseen by Aunt Mab.

"But I never thought of such an honor as this coming to us, and you a girl not quite out of your teens!"

Great honor I thought it to marry a man old enough to be my grandfather. She, the worldly, selfish woman, who had made my life and that of my Eulalie, my darling sister, one long weariness since our mother died, now, with honeyed words, was decking me out for the "sacrifice"—a sacrifice from which my pure-minded Christian mother would have shrunk—would have sooner laid me in my grave than to have seen me bound for the sake of wealth alone to a man more than thrice my years. But I said nothing, and went down, to all appearance meek and quiet as a lamb led to the slaughter. For a minute my hand trembled upon the knob of the door, then I stood before Mr. Thorne.

"Good morning, Miss Cragin," said Mr. Thorne, rising pompously to his full altitude of six feet, and extending to me his hand, on the little finger of which glittered an immense diamond solitaire—"good morning."

Then he led me to a sofa, and ceremoniously begged me to be seated. While he was procuring a seat for himself I noticed that his shirt-front, his wristbands, his watch seal, and even the gold head of his walking stick, were sprinkled with diamonds. Indeed, in every place where a jewel could be made available there it glistened in cold, hard splendor, sending a sickening sensation clear down to the bottom of my girlish, fluttering heart. An embarrassing silence followed, at least to me, and I thought that he felt a little fluttered, man of the world though he was; but this idea vanished when, presently, he said, in a tone that cut like steel:

"Miss Cragin, madam"—even in that momentous period I smiled at the incongruity of addressing me thus—"suppose you are aware of the purport of my visit—ahem—ahem?"

I turned away my head to hide the smile, for I could not repress it, though trembling and weak at the thought of what was to follow—so weak that I had no voice to answer—and he went on:

"I am about to offer you a great honor—a very great honor! I would not have believed I could have done it two months ago, but I have changed my mind. Do you comprehend, Miss Cragin? I am about to marry; and, as I have a great fancy for young girls, I am about to marry you!"

Here my indignation got the better of me at this cool assumption of his, for I was of a fiery temper. Springing to my feet, I cried:

"About to marry me, Mr. Thorne? about to marry me? No, sir, not with my consent. How dare you say it, sir—how dare you say it?"

"Nonsense, child," he replied, drawing me towards him. "You are frightened, you don't know what you are saying. Why, I am going to lift you out of your dependence—you, a poor girl, without a shilling of your own in the world—and make a fine lady of you, give you a carriage and pair, dress you in silks, and satins, and sables, and diamonds—necklace, pin, ear-rings, finger-rings—a full set of the purest water. Look at them," and he took a rich jewel-case from the mantelpiece. "There, take them; they are yours as part of your bridal presents, which is in preparation under your aunt's supervision. She has promised that you shall be my wife!"

"Promised? Put me up at auction and disposed of me to the highest bidder! Mr. Thorne, this is dreadful!"

"Pshaw, pshaw, child! you are getting up a scene. Your aunt is a most estimable woman and does it for your own good, and you don't look at it in its true light. It is nothing but that I admire you and want you, poor, simple little girl, to be my wife!"

"Yes, Mr. Thorne, it is a great deal," I said. There was a touch of pathos in his tone as he said the last words that softened my heart. "It is doubtless meant as a great honor to me, but I cannot marry you, for there is too great disparity in our years; and, more still, I do not love you, and I wouldn't marry a king if I did not love him!"

Rising, I bowed myself, with a "good morning," from the room, leaving him to be shown out by the servant, and went hot and flushed to my aunt's room.

"Aunt Mab," I began, indignantly, "how could you!"

"Oh, my darling!—my sweet rosebud, to be a lady!—it makes me think of 'Maud Muller;' but you know she did get married——"

"There the stories agree accurately," I interrupted, a little spitefully, I will confess.

"Elsie, don't trifle. I never thought, when I took you into my house, a poor, motherless child, that I should see the time so soon that you would ride in your own carriage and become a leader in the upper ten. Oh, Elsie, you have outdone my proudest ambition! I shall feel ashamed to have it said of me, 'Mrs. Miller, the foster-mother of Mrs. Thorne!' How pretty—Elsie Thorne!"

"Not Elsie Thorne as yet, and, please Heaven, never will be," I replied, as she concluded her vain, silly flow of words. "I shall never marry that old man. Had he not been half imbecile, he would never have asked me!"

"Elsie Cragin!" and Aunt Mab's face grew white with suppressed passion, "are you mad? Why, Mr. Thorne is worth his millions, they say. You must be crazy if you don't care for yourself, think of your sister Eulalie. What a splendid home she will have, and the most celebrated medical advice, which she so much needs; and in the winters you can take her to Madeira, or Italy, for Mr. Thorne has promised all this. Then she would be placed where she would make a brilliant match, if she should ever be well enough to marry; and if not, he intends to settle a handsome fortune upon her. More than that—he is making arrangements to put into her hands on the day of your marriage the income of ten thousand pounds, to be given annually to her. Think of such generosity!"

"It is of no use, Aunt Mab. Glad as I would be, if it were right, to do all this for Eula, she would not accept one shilling of it if I must sell myself for gold to give her luxury; she'd sooner die—my good Eula!"

"Well, go your own way, Elsie Cragin. I'll provide for Eulalie while I live; after that my fortune will go to my husband's family, all but a trifle; that she will have, unless she encourages you in this mad scheme; but it will hardly find her in pin-money. And here I give you your choice of two things, ungrateful girl that you are, either to accept Mr. Thorne at once and unconditionally, or leave my house and become the poor, pitiful creature again that you were when I took you. Now go to your room and consider."

I felt like one in a dream as I went up the long, winding flight of stairs down which I had skipped that morning with a light, careless heart. The first thing that I did was to go to my mirror. I had often stood there admiring the beautiful face reflected upon me from its polished surface. No one knew that I was beautiful better than I; but that day I would willingly have exchanged faces with the plainest girl I knew, to have been left in peace with Eula, my sister, all I had to love in the wide world; for, being several years my senior, I looked up to her with an idolatrous worship. Now I was to go from her; to go out into the world to earn my daily bread! For a time my tears fell fast; then pride came to the rescue, nerved my heart with resolution and my hands with strength.

I took off the "sweet organdy," then drew from my hair the fuchsias now drooping and withered, and, throwing round me a wrapper, I commenced preparations for my departure, emptying my drawers of their contents, as also my trunk, in one confused pile in the centre of the room—girl fashion.

"Oh, Eula, darling," I cried, as my sister came into the room; "Eula, I'm going away."

"Why, Elsie, are you ill? I'm, afraid you are. Your face is burning with color, and the veins in your temples are so swollen. I'm afraid if you don't compose yourself you'll have brain fever. Come, sit down upon this stool and lay your head in my lap, and I'll sing you a pretty song I've just learned—the chorus is so touching."

"I can't hear it now, Eula, dear, indeed I cannot, for I am really and truly going away from this house to-night. Never again will I sit at Aunt Mab's table, or sleep under her roof. Don't shake your head, Eula, as though you did not believe me; you know I would not tell you an untruth, darling; I never do."

Then Eula drew me tenderly down by her, and, resting my head on her shoulder, I told her all, ending with:

"If it were only right, Eula, if it were only right, I could do so much for you; if it hadn't been for my beauty I'd never had this trial. To think I could, with one little word, surround you with luxury, and more, you could have the advice of the best physicians, and go to sunny Italy and escape the cold frosts of our winter, and grow strong and well; and now I shall never hear you cough but it will sound more dreadful than ever, and if you should die it would break my heart. Oh, Eula, Eula, tell me if it would be right for me to marry Mr. Thorne. Would you have me do so, darling?"

"No, Elsie, my little sister, not if I were to die to-morrow in consequence of your refusal. Now do not borrow trouble on my account, but let us think what is best to be done, and whither we shall go."

"We! Eula," I cried, "we! You surely will not go; it ought not to be. You are not fit—so delicate."

But even as I said this my heart was beating so gladly at the bare thought that it seemed as if it would break from its moorings.

"Yes, Elsie. Do you think I would let my little sister go out into the world to fight her way alone? Never, darling! Now dry your eyes, and we'll go down and see Aunt Mab, and tell her our decision."

So we went down—I dropping in a chair near the door, and Eula advancing towards my aunt with her usual dignity, though the bright hectic glow upon her cheek rivalled the hue of the rose, but faded out suddenly, and left her standing before her pale as marble, as my aunt said:

"So, Eulalie, that disgraceful girl has come to her senses, I hope. Of course she has told you of her undutiful conduct this morning?"

"She has told me of her refusal to accept Mr. Thorne, if that is what you refer to; and, aunt, much as it pains me to go against your wishes, I think she has done quite right. I honor my sister that she cannot be bought with Mr. Thorne's gold!"

"Bought with Mr. Thorne's gold, you ungrateful girl!" my aunt replied, indignantly; "so these are the thanks I get for doing my duty by my dear dead brother's children! I command you, Eulalie, to use your influence to bring that 'quixotic' girl to reason. Do you hear me, Eula Cragin—I command you to do it!"

"I am sorry, Aunt Mab," replied Eula, "to refuse obedience to you, but I had rather my sister Elsie were laid in her grave to-day than to see her the wife of Mr. Thorne; and if she, with her scant knowledge of the world, had blindly yielded to your wishes, letting her childish heart be dazzled by the glitter of the inducements offered, I would have forcibly prevented the cruelly wicked sacrifice. Now Aunt Mab, let me say, once for all, Elsie will never be the wife of Mr. Thorne!" Then she stopped, and stood there in her, calm, serene beauty, with her hands quietly folded, and her great, liquid eyes looking steadily into Aunt Mab's face, which now fairly glared with rage, while her jeweled hands shook like one stricken with palsy, as she shrieked—I can call it nothing beside—

"You ungrateful baggages, leave my house, both of you, this night, Eulalie and Elsie Cragin, and never darken my doors again!"

Without another word Eula turned, and, taking my hand, led me from the room. We went to our chamber, where she wrote a hasty note, thanking Aunt Mab for her care over us, expressing the wish that in time we might be forgiven for refusing to sin against our own consciences, telling her if ever dark days should come to her, and she in her loneliness should long for care or sympathy, that we would give it to her. With a hope that Heaven would bless her, she closed the note and sealed it, leaving it upon the bureau.

Then, with one long, lingering look at our pleasant room, hallowed by the associations of years, we passed out into the street, orphans—homeless orphans! But I think we were less to be pitied than the solitary woman left behind, who all that night long wandered up and down her room, so the servants said, suffering, but too proud to admit that she was wrong, or to relent towards us, her dead brother's children.

It took years of fiery discipline ere she became sufficiently purged from her pride to the yielding point, but *the time did come* when in gentleness and love she owned her sin to us. We had got but a few steps when we saw coming towards us "Mother Rachel," as we called her, for she had lived as nurse in our family up to the time of mother's death, and she seemed really nearer to us than Aunt Mab, in her pure, unselfish devotion.

"Well, well, children," she cried, smiling lovingly at us from under her Quaker bonnet, "I was just coming to see what had become of thee."

"We were coming to you, Mother Rachel; we're no one beside to go to in this world. Aunt Mab has turned us out of her house."

"My poor lambs—my poor little motherless lambs—don't thee tell me another word until we get home; not another word, if thee don't wish to see me break down in the street."

Holding each of us by the hand, as she had led us when we were children, she took us to her cottage on the outskirts of the city, and, sitting there that night, we told her all.

"Thee did right, Elsie. Now thee must trust the Providence who careth even for the tiny sparrows! Thee must have faith, my children, but then thee knows faith without works is dead!"

"Yes, Mother Rachel, we mean to work, both Elsie and I. Now let us think what we can do, for we must not stay in idleness upon the fruits of your labor."

"I would gladly share what I have with thee—would take thee both into my house, but I do not think it would be best. I'm used to living alone, and, were I to do this, I should so set my poor old heart on thee that it would be harder to give thee up—more than I could bear. Now I can tell thee of a plan, if thee can think of anything to do."

"We can, Mother Rachel. I'm young and strong. I can paint; I did a little picture in oil, and Mr. Vernon, the artist with whom Paul Webster is studying, said it was very fine, and that he could find sale for it. I have not thought of it from that day till this until now."

"And I can embroider, Mother Rachel, in silks and flosses," said Eula, more quietly, but quite as resolute as I.

Mother Rachel did not answer her, but, going to her china cupboard, in the corner of the room, she brought out a little iron box, and, unlocking it with a curious key, she took from it a roll of bank-notes and commenced counting them out upon the table—the dear old soul, as if she had not ascertained their exact

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
Office of CLIPPER and Leonard street,
Box 1,166, New York P. O.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us asking information will be answered through this column only.

G. J. J., Chicago.—1. B cannot refuse his own bluff after once betting. 2. B is not obliged either to take blind or turn it over, or whiskey poker. 3. B is not entitled to a draw, when he turns up the blind, until all the other players have been served. 4. B cannot draw and knock at the same time. 5. When at seventy the deck is run to the last card. Chasing is property trump, if its suit had not been turned before. 6. When straights are allowed at draw-poker, the common sort beats three of a kind, according to rule, although but two pair in extensive practice. Its value should be agreed upon before commencing play. 7. At three-handed seven-up the player who is neither beggar nor dealer can "look at his hand before the trump is made," but has no voice.

Dapper, Lewiston.—A bets B that next Saturday is not the 21st of March, 1873, and claims the bet on the ground that it will be the 21st. B claims that it is, and the money.....This bet, being based upon a condition of things which does not exist in point of fact, is void. There is therefore no occasion for our entering into the grammatical question which evidently confounds the intent of the parties to the wager. Next Saturday will not be the 21st of March, as B claims; and as it never will be, the claim of A to the money is not a whit better than that of B.

CONSTANT READER, Fortress Monroe.—1. A player at casino can have two builds on the table at the same time. 2. There being a deuce and seven on the board, and it being the last play, A, who holds a nine, can rake them with it and make a sweep. 3. Only the last trick can be looked at. 4. At the last election Grant received the largest popular vote ever cast for president. 5. The largest average on record in a prote-sional billiard match game was 1,003, made by Melvin Foster against Stone. 6. Daly has not replied to Slosson's challenge.

F. W., Salt Lake City.—If it had been the practice of the parties to play snap—as it is almost uniformly played (that is, either a given number of points up, or else best two in three hands, then he who made the last point was out, and the next two are held partially agreed to play but one hand for a game. The principle is that when a given code of rules is waived in any point by a tacit understanding, it requires an express understanding, before the time of play, to the contrary, to make a similar game prevail at that point.

W. F. R., Philad'a.—1. You can raise B's build before taking your own. 2. The tonnage of the Great Eastern is 25,000 tons burthen. 3. The heaviest dumb bell ever put up, to our knowledge, weighed 1600lbs., which has been done by three parties, a la record. 5. Hercules was a mythological character, the personation of strength.

W. L. H., Perryville.—The official timer took no cognizance of the time made by Longfellow in the first mile of the Saratoga Cup race of 1871, and therefore there is no record of it. The reported time, 1:49, was taken by outsiders, and, although it may be correct, is useless as a record.

E. H., Milwaukee.—Had you read the CLIPPER you would have known that Miss Ada Wray has been performing at the Theatre Comique in this city for more than a year past. Her mother is in this city. Watch for the list of circus companies shortly to be published.

J. M. V., Philadelphia.—1. The dealer, having turned down the trump, could not go alone when the next player made it. Only the player who made the trump can take up the trump can go alone. 2. His throwing down the cards and saying "that is trumps" is equivalent to naming the suit.

Ken O. Uish.—1. The number of rounds fought by Heenan and Sayers was 42, according to the CLIPPER's special report. The referee left the ring at the end of the 37th round. 2. Sayers' arm was injured in the fifth round. 3. The fastest pacing time, one mile, is 2:04, by Hoyce.

TYRO.—1. The tonnage of New York in 1868 was 1,139,935 tons; Liverpool, in 1861, was 4,977,272 tons; and as the tonnage of Liverpool has since increased, it is the greater commercial mart. 2. In 1870 the combination the United States could muster was 38,857,571, and that of Great Britain and Ireland, 30,958,710.

HOWARD W., Boston.—At poker, if a card is accidentally exposed by the dealer, in dealing, the player for whom it was intended must take it or lose it to the next player. But if exposed in the draw, then the player cannot claim it, but it must be placed at the bottom of the pack.

HIBERNIA, Elizabeth, N.—1. The first insurance company of which we have any record in America was established at Boston, Mass., in 1724. We cannot give you the title adopted. 2. Mace and Heenan never fought as opponents. 3. It is altogether a matter of opinion.

B. A. M.—We know of an instance where a gentleman in Brooklyn refused $400 for a favorite setter. Setters have frequently been sold for $3 0 and $300, and in England $500 is not an unusual price.

BLUE BIRD, New Haven.—1. You can enter into a marriage engagement by letter. 2. Ladies now wear engagement rings sometimes on the first and sometimes on the third finger of the left hand.

A PATRON, Biddeford.—1. Yankee Sullivan was found dead in a cell at San Francisco Cal., May 31, 1856, having been arrested and incarcerated by the vigilance committee. 2. We are without a necessary data by which to answer your last question.

E. J. T., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Had you read the last issue of the CLIPPER you would have seen that Hughey Dougherty was performing at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope. 2. The lady is not married.

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D. C. C., Baltimore.—1. A four flush in crib does not count, for the simple reason that the rules prohibit it. 2. It is an even thing, the three points taken for non-deal being equivalent to the deal.

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ROCKY CANION.—1. Hiram Woodruff died at his residence, Union Course, Long Island, on March 10, 1867. 2. We do not think Flora Temple when she made her best time. She was then driven by James D. Mathews.

R., Fulton.—You decided wrong. The match was made to fight cocks, which is not exceeding 5lb. 10oz., and when Norris notified Caldwell that he would fight a 5lb. 6oz. bird, the latter was bound to fight one not exceeding 5lb. 8oz.

BURNS, Wyandotte.—You now state your enquiry differently. If the cards were played 3, 1, 2 and 1, there is no run for the last ace; but the player of the deuce is entitled to a sequence of 3 points.

DANCING SCHOOL TEACHER, Galena.—1. You, having bet that it was the lady's picture, meaning the picture of the lady, win the wager. 2. You win the second bet, as the subsequent increase in the cost of coal was immaterial.

DARKIE.—Charley Smith was layed at second base in the Atlantic nine nearly the whole of one season, but it was never his base position. Pike played in the Mutual nine before he went to Troy.

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H. J. G., Lawrenceville, N. J.—1. The postmaster at Franklin, Pa., receives $3,000 per annum. 2. An ace, deuce, trey, four and five form a straight in poker. 3. There was no contest for the amateur base ball championship in 1872.

CONSTANT READER, Keokuk.—1. Charles B. Hicks is connected with the Georgia Minstrel Troupe. 2. They are not. 3. Miss Joan Hosmer plays engagements across John S. Ayer. Mr. Forrester had a benefit connected as a part of the present season.

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SKIPPER, Triumph.—1. For fare to Galveston by steamer, address C. H. Mallory & Co., 158 Malden Lane; for fare to Vera Cruz, address P. Alexandre & Bro., 129 Broad way, New York.

SUNDRY PARTIES.—We mailed you letters on Feb. 14th, in your own envelopes. A large one has just arrived from Europe; notify us where we can forward it to you.

J. M., Ireland's a nation. 2. St. Patrick's day is observed as a holiday in many parts of Ireland. 3. Neither Welshmen nor Irishmen are English, but they are British.

CONSTANT READER, Pinpoint.—No. 2's making pool shut out No. 3 from a privilege, and consequently debarred him from choosing a new ball.

COMEE, Brownsville.—W. K. Linyard was born in Birmingham, Eng., Jan. 1837, came to America in 1846, and made his debut at Memphis, Tenn.

W. H. F., Phila.—In a three-handed game, in case of a tie between two players, neither of them being the dealer, the game point is not scored.

R. G. S.—A loses the deal, and the bet also. A man can win who bets on a certainty, but not when fraud is employed, as in this case.

BOATMAN, Albany.—The Alda's great time of 6 hours and 21 minutes was made from New York to Albany. We cannot give you the other information asked for.

AN ENQUIRER, Phila.—1. His proper name was John Lang, "Gamper" being an alias. 2. Yankee Sullivan's proper name was said to have been Frank Ambrose.

A. E. F., Baltimore.—Go to W. E. Sinn, the manager of the Front Street Theatre in your city, tell him frankly your wishes and show him what you can do. Possibly he can aid you.

R. M., Toronto.—Well, we have had one there for the past six months. The gentleman named being engaged on another journal precludes the possibility of his acceptance on the CLIPPER.

TONY, Larned.—1. You are wrong; D had no right to build to 9 when he had no 9 in his hand. 2. B must play against A, who is evidently ignorant of the rules of the game.

A. R. M., Vicksburg.—1. At casino, all the cards must be played before game is scouted. 2. No one point at casino has precedence over another, as in seven up.

FOREMAN'S VOICE.—A having made the two points he gave for the pitch, and holding high, goes out before B's low, each only wanting one point.

E. H. L.—As every player has a right to shuffle the cards, it was your own fault in allowing the dealer to deal, knowing he had a bower at the bottom of the pack.

HENRY BERTSCH, Fort Wayne, Ind.—Yes; we mailed two letters on Feb. 22; one for Harry R., and one for Nellie B. Write to the dead-letter office, Washington, D. C.

JEMMIE, Bridgeport.—The Ward brothers, as a crew, did not row a race last season. Ellis and Gil appeared in single scull races.

T. T., Canton, O.—Bill Lang ran a mile at Newmarket, Eng., part down hill, in 4:02; and he and Bill Richards ran a dead heat, level ground, at Royal Oak Park, Manchester, in 4:17¾.

A. M., Cincinnati.—They are not for sale, but you can procure a copy by addressing one of the principal clubs of this city, in our care.

F. C. P., Charmont.—1. B must pay A $15, being half the difference between them. 2. If they are playing on a carom table, the ball must be spotted, but not if is played on a pocket table.

CLIX, Erie.—1. The longest standing jump on record is 12 feet 5¾ inches. 2 and 3. Not upon record. 4. It is simply an act in which he rides in the dress of an English jockey.

POKER DICE, Bangor.—1. B having bet that he would beat A's throw of three sixes, and only tied it, loses. 2. The natural meaning of words governs in such cases.

T. W. K., Utica.—If the fowl was overweight, then he loses the bet, notwithstanding the other party had given up the fight. All bets on the overweight fowl are lost.

W. H. N., Toledo, O.—Send to Ed Hanes as per his advertisement in the sporting column, and he will send what you inquire for.

T. A. C., Washington.—1. Augustin Daly was an attache of several newspapers in this city prior to his becoming a theatrical manager. 2. He never was a machinist in any theatre.

A CONSTANT READER.—Hicks, Matthews, Start, Hatfield, O'Connor, Holdsworth, Gedney, Eggler, and Higham are named as the Mutual nine.

JACK, Detroit, Mich.—The best steamboat time of which we have any record is 45 miles in one hour, made by the South America on the Hudson river, Camden give odds.

CHARLES, Salt Lake City.—By perusing our advertising columns you will see that several persons offer to write stump speeches. 2. We have no time of their charges.

CONSTANT READER, Lowell.—1. Two ladies can attend Kiblo's Theatre in the evening unaccompanied by gentlemen. 2. A juvenile lady holds the lowest position among the ladies of the company.

J. H., New Orleans.—1. The salaries of the performers vary so much according to their merit and reputation that we cannot give you a definite answer.

WM. H. PAYNE, Huntington, West Va.—Address a letter to Prof. Wm. Clark, whose address you will find among our sporting addresses.

DAN R. R. MAHR.—Cash are the only proper covering for a ball player's head. Hats are out of date, as well as caps. The latter are used for the purpose of a head covering instead of hair.

CONSTANT MORSMAN, Mich.—Apply to Hartz, 880 Broadway as per an advertisement. 2. Hide show "orators" command from $25 to $50 per week.

W. H. H.—You had better address him in care of the CLIPPER, as we cannot give you his present P. O. address.

R. H. W.—Alabama's vote being thrown out, B loses the bet, as he only named fourteen states that voted for Grant.

HARRY PHILLIPS, John C. Heenan was defeated by John Morrissey and Tom King, and fought a draw with Tom Sayers.

JOHNNY M., Northampton.—The new Bowery Theatre was burned Dec 16, 1866.

H. McK., Brooklyn.—Of the lotteries named, we believe Nos. 1 and 3 to be genuine; Nos. 2 and 4 frauds.

A. B. C.—We have not learned that such a test has ever been theoretically or practically believe that it has.

W. H. R.—We have no record of copyrighted plays. Address the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

C. H., Bellefonte.—The troops will probably visit your city, but we cannot say when.

CONSTANT READER, Shanokin.—You can get it through William & Reasom, 37 Nassau street, N. Y., or any first-class periodical depot. Price, 10 cents.

T. K., Connecticut.—The Gunaca from New York to San Francisco via Panama, is 5,300 miles, and via Cape Horn, 13,000 miles.

WILLIAM, Brooklyn.—Heenan died in 1873, and Gosse, Hyde, May 31, 1867.

WILLIAM C. KNIGHT.—He is about six feet high, and does not weigh 200lbs.

J. H., Burlington.—He is in this city. A letter addressed in care of the CLIPPER will reach him.

W. R.—The dancers' address or professional ladies are not proper matter for insertion in this department.

C. C. H.—1. The puzzle is not published. 2. "Article C" was performed for the benefit of Miss Clara Morris on May 19, 1871.

TRAVELER, Clayesville.—Tom Sayers never visited the United States.

MYSTIC, New Orleans.—We omit them because they are similar to some we have had before.

FRANK C. F.—Hazing had something similar some time ago, we are obliged to say, is made.

A. C. H., Philadelphia.—It will be less expensive to have them bound in your city.

P. H.—Certainly.—We shall probably make other arrangements.

W. P. I., Boston.—Thank you, we shall not be able to use it.

J. H. M., St. John.—We make no charge for answering correspondents or deciding bets.

J. M. R., Brooklyn.—1. The quotation is designed to stand for "our country's defenders." 2. We have received no former letter.

BROADWAY.—They are in this city, but not performing at present. Addie La Rue occasionally acts in variety theatres.

J. O. K., Boston.—George K. Fortescue is at present engaged at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

J. P. H., Cleveland.—We cannot give you the present whereabouts of the lady. She is still living.

J. D., Boston.—Scharff and Wetzel were never opponents, either in a match race or regatta.

LASZLO, Boston.—Our opinion is that bets on the fight between Harry Hicken and Bryan Campbell should be drawn.

GREYHOUND, Detroit, Mich.—London, Eng., is the largest city in the world.

C. S.—Some foreign letters require prepayment of postage, and some do not.

J. N., Philadelphia.—At cribbage, four sevens and an ace count 24; 12 by 8'sevens, and 12 for double pair royal.

A. B., Halifax, N. S.—A letter addressed in care of the CLIPPER should reach her.

DR. W. E. J., Keyport.—An actor by the name of Harry Duncan died at St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 16, 1870.

BASSETT, Oswego.—Jennie Carroll is traveling with Lannier's dramatic company.

ARTHUR.—The opposite party call the exposed domino, A is bound to play it.

GEO. Y. KENT, Pekin, Ill.—Thank you for the offer, but we do not require one.

BOB TOM, Boston.—If you bet all the money you had when you called your opponent, you were entitled to a sight for it.

T. B. O., Sherbrooke.—The name of the party enquired after does not appear in the New York Directory.

O. W., Cold Spring.—After the dealer has been ordered up he cannot play a lone hand.

GRACCHUS, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Thanks for your offer, but we do not require it.

C. T.—The first championship match in this section will be played on the Union Grounds.

PASCO AND BUDDALE.—Ferguson's address is care of Mr. Samuels, Washington street.

OLD BACKGAMMON PLAYER.—Have your arguments in mind, and will give them our earliest attention.

J. H. S., Cincinnati, O.—Aaron Jones was born March 1, 1833, and died Feb. 16, 1873.

A SUBSCRIBER, Scranton.—1. You might procure them through a dramatic agent.

MARINE CITY, Detroit.—The last card must be turned for a trump.

GOODLEY.—Pat Mathews was killed on the Bloomingdale road Feb. 8, 1862.

CAROLLTON, Baltimore, Md.—1. We believe not. 2 and 3. Do not know. 4. Irish. 5. Is said.

W. A. A., Washington.—Thanks for your kind offer, but we are in possession of a full and correct list.

A. H., Galena.—A. C. H. wins the bet, as he weighs over 130lbs.

CONSTANT READER, Eureka.—If loose, for Dexter has trotted a mile in 2:17¾ at Buffalo, Aug. 14, 1867.

G. E. J., Boston.—The word "Pluck" is used as a title for a play, and we have an impression that "Puck Jr." has also.

MARTIN B., Philadelphia.—She is residing in your city, and a letter addressed in care of the CLIPPER will reach her.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The President of the United States has nothing to do with it.

E. U. G., New Orleans.—Will return it if it has not been destroyed.

C. K. S., Kansas City.—We have received no intimation to that effect from our correspondent.

F. N., Miravilla.—We cannot give you the whereabouts of the party, and know nothing of their responsibility.

OTTAWA BOY, Ottawa, Ont.—1. The Gregory Family have not signified any intention of returning to America. 2. No.

CHAS STOBE.—He was, but the accusations were not sustained.

C. H. F., Humboldt, Tenn.—Money received and paper sent.

WEST END.—As they did not beat them in a full game, it loses.

SKATER, Peoria.—Roller skates are not on sale in this country.

C. A. D., Boston.—See Rogers' letter in Base-Ball department.

CLARA, Detroit.—Ferguson's address is 1,000 bonds and shoes, only.

KENO, Springfield.—1, which also answers all the rest: Yes.

E. SHANK.—It is interesting only to the "two fond hearts."

MAUDE A. H.—The verses came too late to be of interest.

J. J. B., Trinidad.—Can be published at an early day.

C. K. W., Newaygo.—You cannot so count at billiards.

NIXY, Hiawatha.—Trenton, N. J., is his abiding place.

HORSE DEALER, Lowell.—Your figuring is all wrong.

M. H. S., Auburn.—We prefer not to publish it.

READER, Montreal, C. E.—The lady is not married.

G. C. F.—Two dollars and twenty-five cents.

READER, Philadelphia, Pa.—He is in this city.

F. J. WILKINS.—Some dollar and fifty cents.

W. R. S., Phila.—Received with thanks.

C. DYE, New Orleans.—None at present.

A. B. S.—James Robinson claims to be.

H. E. C., Malone.—Will look it over.

D. F.—Two dollars and forty cents.

J. MCV., Toledo.—It is out of date.

SUBJN, New Orleans.—Received.

F. B. C.—Daniel.

## A FEW WORDS.

With this issue closes the twentieth volume and year of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER; and we embrace the opportunity to express our deep sense of gratitude for the continued evidences of good-will and encouragement we have received at the hands of our many thousands of friends. Few weekly journals have met with such liberal support, or attained such widespread popularity and influence; and as we have striven hard in the past to please, we shall not in the future relax in our efforts to retain that favor and patronage.

We intend to make a few improvements in the volume we are about entering upon, among them being a slight increase in the size of our sheet, which will give us some five columns more space than that of the current number. It will also be printed on new types, and a good quality of white rag-paper, while the presswork, we trust, will exhibit a correspondingly improved appearance.

A new story will be commenced in No. 1, Vol. 21, entitled

OUT ON THE FLY,

OR CHAINING THE TIGER,

written expressly for the CLIPPER by one of the most talented novelists of the period. It is replete with incident, the characters are well-drawn, the plot is deeply exciting, with just enough love, and trickery, and hair-breadth escapes in its composition to make the reader anxious for the next instalment.

Our record of Amusements will continue to be an important feature of THE CLIPPER, receiving the same care in its preparation that has characterized former volumes. For years recognized as the theatrical organ of America, THE CLIPPER is now generally preserved by managers, agents, hall proprietors, performers and others as a work of reference to aid them in the prosecution of their various vocations, and for use as a medium of communication for those seeking talent, or employment, and for various other business purposes.

Our weekly list of letters, which is steadily increasing in numbers and usefulness, enabling parties in the most remote parts of the world to reach and correspond with relations and friends whose whereabouts might otherwise be unknown to them, will remain a specialty, and include all letters received up to Monday evening, at which time we go to press.

Sporting events will be reliably reported, and details fully given as their importance may make it necessary.

In a word, THE NEW YORK CLIPPER will make onward progress in all its departments, and will combine a weekly record of useful information, facts, fancies, and other interesting matter.

Look out for next week's CLIPPER, being No. 1, Vol. 21, with a rich and varied cargo of fresh and good things, prepared expressly for the occasion.

## DRESS-CIRCLE ETIQUETTE.

There is no surer sign of ill-breeding than the disregard of the laws of etiquette manifested by the so-called fashionable playgoers. Singularly enough, the very people who, regarding as unpardonable a breach of good-manners committed "in society," will yet attend a theatrical representation, and themselves do the identical things that elsewhere evoke their condemnation. Would a really well-bred person converse in a loud tone, or otherwise call attention to himself, during the progress of a play? And yet it is done nightly; and much oftener in the parquet or the dress-circle, than in the gallery. Are the offenders ever conscious that, besides annoying those in their immediate vicinity, their conduct is grossly disrespectful to the performers? Let us ask further, and with special reference to the applicability of the code of etiquette, why should there be a difference between the theatre and the drawing-room? An actor pursuing his calling is as proper an object of deference as the guest of the family—as strict an observance of conventional proprieties is due the ladies and gentlemen upon the stage, as the ladies and gentlemen assembled in the parlor. Both by genius and education the actor is fitted to command respect; and as are his neighbors in other walks of life, so is he capable of keenly appreciating any lack of respect, nature having given to him, just as liberally as to "fashionable people," sensibilities to be wounded, feelings to be outraged. It is among actors and actresses that the traditional laws of good-breeding are rigidly adhered to. In the green-room may be observed all those traits of delicacy and refinement which obtain, at least superficially, in the drawing-room; and when it falls to the player's lot to give upon the stage an exposition of polite life, it is very often done with an indefinable grace and a thorough finish that would put to the blush many a "fashionable" spectator, and suggest to most of them that here is a lesson from which they might well profit. Why in the drawing-room shoin down an honest laugh or repress a struggling tear, simply because it is not *en règle* to laugh or to cry, and afterwards, while seated in orchestra-chair or dress-circle, assume a supreme indifference to everybody about you? Why not show to the players who seek to amuse you the same respect and attention you would to anyone else? There is nothing more disheartening to a performer than for him to note a want of attention in those to whom he naturally looks for encouragement. Oftentimes it causes him pain, and of the keenest kind, too—pain that, south its authors but realize it in its fullness, would never again be inflicted. The actor strives hard to please, and sympathy and encouragement are the very life of his labors. By nothing are his efforts quicker marred, or more effectually, than by the ill-bred conduct of the individuals who are the pests of theatrical audiences. No one of true delicacy will ever act towards a performer, no matter how humble the latter's line may be, in a manner in which he would hesitate to act towards a lady or gentleman of his own acquaintance; and it is the duty of the playgoer to deport himself when inside of a theatre as he would in any private assemblage. The keynote to thorough reform in this matter is embraced in a very few words. If, as none will venture to deny, consideration and politeness are due ladies and gentlemen wherever found, it becomes simply necessary to make the further concession that there are true ladies and gentlemen on the stage, as well as off.

Its aim would scarcely be accomplished, were this article brought to a close in the absence of at least a brief allusion to another of the grievances of the auditorium, viz., the indecent rush for the doors before the final fall of the curtain. It is clearly done without the slightest purpose to give offence, but in its most favorable aspect it is an exhibition of superlative hoggishness. In its relation to the remainder of the assemblage, it is a gross imposition upon those patient souls who will cheerfully submit to almost any inconvenience, rather than be suspected of a possible infraction of the rules of etiquette; while as to the players it must be conceded that, overlooking the question of personal affront, it is far from pleasant to have to hurl the "tag" of the play at the backs of a flying audience.

WHAT THE DAILY PAPERS will do for a sensation now that Foster has been executed, we are at a loss to know. Certain it is, they made the most of his case, and spun it out to the "bitter end," indeed. Stokes and Nixon may probably afford material for a fresh crusade, and Gov. DIX will have to look out that he doesn't get out of his course in the cases of coming candidates for executive clemency. Foster's doom was doleful music to the ears of the residents of Murderers' Row, and it is no wonder that they now look for salvation to the efforts of counsel, the disagreements of juries, and other channels this side of the Governor's mansion at Albany.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

⁂ William Foster, who two years ago killed Avery D. Putnam by striking him over the head with a carhook, expiated his crime on the gallows of the Tombs, in this city, on the 21st. A story is current that Foster, painted and dressed for the scaffold, and that his weak condition induced the sheriff to hasten the execution.

⁂ The steamship City of New York, arriving here on the 23d, reports that the City of Panama was towed back to Queenstown by the City of Paris. The passengers, who, in consequence of a broken rudder, had been on the ocean nearly a month, were transferred to the City of New York.

⁂ Frederick Grant, who, it came on the list to Boston from Natick, where he worked as a shoemaker, to draw his pension as a soldier. He was afterwards seen intoxicated; and as his body was on the following day found on the banks of Charles River, there is reason to suspect foul play.

⁂ In the suit of George the Count Johannes vs. George Jones and Louis J. Jennings of *The Times*, in which $75,000 damages were claimed for libel, the jury brought in on the 20th a sealed verdict awarding the plaintiff $750, and the Court, that of General Sessions, granted the usual extra allowance.

⁂ Bergh's Cruelty to Animals Bill was on the 20th killed as dead as a mackerel, so far as a majority is concerned. The interests of the horsecar railroads were opposed to it.

—Frederick Grant, eldest son of the President, has been raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and aid-de-camp, and assigned to the staff of General Sheridan.

—At Stoughton, Wis., D. M. Lewis is about to be tried for the fourth time for the murder of Thomas Olsson. And yet capital punishment was long ago abolished in Wisconsin.

—Hubbard Bros. & Co., bankers in wellington in the faces of contemporaries. Although it has a taxlevy of five per cent., and a poor-house, it has not a single pauper.

—A Stewart family named Robb have fallen heirs to an estate in England worth two millions. Having been Robb in their poverty, does their present pecuniary status make them Robbers?

—A Michigan barkeeper has been required to pay for a horse stolen by a tipsy Ute the poor Indian, to whom he had sold whiskey.

—There is living in Philadelphia, and in great destitution, a grandson of Gen. Daniel Morgan, the hero of the battle of the Cowpens.

—Lexington is dead. Not the great Lexington, but that son of his upon whose back Gen. Sherman made the memorable march from Atlanta to the sea.

—Oscar Beach, who served as a drummer-boy during the Civil War, has been appointed by President Grant to a cadetship at West Point.

—The unchecked spread of the smallpox in Salt Lake City, caused by the want of proper sanitary regulations, is creating much alarm.

—Baltimore, New York, and Remorse are interchangeable terms. On the 19th the former city contributed $50 to the U. S. Congressional Temperance Movement.

—Massachusetts will this year do its conventional "humiliation, fasting and prayer" on April 3d. As Mass. doesn't mean it, why not have selected April 1?

—Interchange is having been provided for long ago, Olmstead Co., Minn., has now organized a society for the guardianship of wheat thieves.

—A large-hearted citizen of Auburn, Me., last week gave a dinner-party, to which eight other prominent citizens had been invited, and which cost thirty-seven cents!

—Our lady-readers will thank us the unusual number of deaths from remorse has cheapened false hair, which can now be had in abundance.

—The Farmers' Club of Brandywine, Pa., has formally resolved that the State Agricultural College is a disgrace to the Commonwealth.

—Connecticut has at last found a temperate beverage. It is cider; and they make it of carbonate of soda, brown sugar, citric acid, iron-filings and water.

—The Massachusetts House of Representatives has enacted that a wife may earn as much as she can, and keep it. She need not give Benedict a cent.

—The Massachusetts House of Representatives has declined to expunge those resolutions of censure as to Senator Sumner's battleflag motion.

—Mrs. Mary Hutchins, of Embden, Me., is eighty-seven: has forty-seven great grandchildren, and never saw a railcar or a steamboat.

—The selectmen of Windham, Conn., have qualified fifteen women as electors.

—The *City Courier*, with one exception the oldest journal in the South, is to be sold at public auction on April 3d.

—Hartford has a Dr. Riggs whose sixty hens laid ninety-six dozen eggs in forty-four days, the past winter.

—Miss Mary Barrow, who was the wife of Burroughs the Treasury-clerk, some four years ago, has been again taken to a lunatic asylum.

—Whiskey is the orthodox beverage at Pioche, Cal., and habitual water-drinkers are warned to keep away.

—The Hon. Mrs. Josephine Mansfield's claim against Bowles Bros. amounts to $11,000.

—A brother of Dr. Livingstone was a heavy loser by a recent fire in Lindsay, Canada, where he was engaged in business.

—Gen. G. K. Leonard, of the late Confederate army, is editing a newspaper in South Carolina.

—Thomaston, Me., is honored in having a citizen who recently killed five rabbits at one shot.

—Thus a Yale professor who was cautioning a student against cardplaying: "But if you must play cards, don't mark the backs!"

—The Continental Bank of this city has been defrauded, through forged commercial paper, to the amount of $100,000.

—A water-spout at Bakersfield, Cal., on the 18th, formed a chasm sixty feet wide and fifteen feet deep.

—A Yankee inventor has a new lightning-rod. The Yakimas of Oregon now object to going on a reservation.

—London has sixteen public parks.

—Count Vandel-rbilt is at least credited with having giving half a million of money to charitable purposes in Tennessee.

—Dr. A. W. Matthews has been appointed quarantine-master of the port of Philadelphia, Pa.

—Southern papers are urging the removal of Jefferson Davis' disabilities, in order that he may be sent to Congress.

—On Saturday last, Gen. Spinner entered upon his thirtieth year as treasurer of the United States.

—California exchanges are talking some of sheep and hogs.

—Chicago had a fruitless snowstorm on the 19th.

—Ida, a town in Iowa, has a female druggist.

—Bulwer left $400,000 personal property.

## DEATH'S DOINGS.

### Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AYRES, Capt.—Portcaptain of Rio Janeiro—that place, of yellow-fever, Feb. 11.

BOTT, M. Charles—A famous European pianist and composer, better known to the musical world by his pseudonym of Lyndorf—recently at Munich.

BOWEN, Joseph G.—Formerly U. S. Assessor for the first Indiana District. Committed suicide with a carving-knife—Vincennes, Ind., March 21.

BARNES, Joel—Theatrical manager. See dramatic columns—Baltimore, Md., March 22.

BAKER, Mrs.—Wife of Gen. J. H. Baker, commissioner of patents—Washington, D. C., March 20.

BEARDSLEY, Samuel—Ex-Governor, Democratic politician of the olden time—Mannheim, N. Y., March 18.

BOWERS, James—Prominent republican, and ex-member of the City Council of Philadelphia. Committed suicide by hanging—Phila city, March 23.

BARTON, William—Carrollton, Ga., March 18, aged 114.

BITTING, Lewis—At one time prominent in Philadelphia politics, being a member of the Whig party. Once commissioner of Spring Garden, and also controller of public schools—Philadelphia, March 22, aged 64.

CLAUSEN, Carl F.—A native of Denmark, but vice-consul for Sweden at Norway—Washington, D. C., March 19.

CORTON, J. H

## BASE-BALL.

KINDS PLAYED.—The Atlantic and Resolute Clubs at recent meetings fixed upon nines for the opening of the season as appended:

| Atlantic. | Position. | Resolute. |
|---|---|---|
| Barlow | Catcher | D. Allison. |
| Brett | Pitcher | H. Campbell. |
| Dickinson | First base | J. Campbell. |
| Burdett | Second base | Swandell. |
| Ferguson | Third base | Farrow. |
| Pearce | Short stop | Loughlin. |
| Patterson | Left field | Austin. |
| Bennett | Centre field | A. Allison. |
| Booth | Right field | Wolters. |

We do not see how the Atlantics could have placed their men better. Ferguson will captain the nine as before. They will open play in April with a practice game with the Concords on the Cricketers Grounds.

The Resolute nine have not been placed in a manner to develop their full strength. The new pitcher, Austin, in placing Wolters in the out field so far change pitcher, instead of in his strongest position as the regular pitcher. He has twice the experience that Campbell has, has more command of the ball, and can pitch as swiftly, while he is not active in the field as Campbell; besides, Wolters has the practice of a degree of success as a "pitcher" which Campbell does not possess; for these reasons it is apparent that both are unretained. We do not see the need of changing Austin from his former position at centre-field to that of left, a position that attended Sniffer Arthur Allison can play so well; but this is a minor affair. The re-field will be very strong if Wolters occupies his old place. The Resolutes will begin practice in April. As the Shamrock will have a co-operative nine, there is a chance of some lively games.

THE BALTIMORE CLUB.—From the Baltimore, Md., American of the 21st inst. we clip the following about the representative professional club of that city: "Calvin A. McVey, Scott Wasting, Reverdy Wells, Clarence Yorke, Thomas Yorke, Jr., Thomas Carey, Thomas Carey and William Craver, of the Baltimore Base Ball Club, are all in the city, and are undergoing a course of daily calisthenic exercise under a competent teacher, which, together with the ball practice they have been indulging in on the ball grounds, is rapidly getting them in fine condition for the coming season. Arthur Cummings, the new pitcher, and George W. Hall will be in the city by to-morrow, whilst Davy Force will report for duty on the 31st of April. Harry Wright, the great Captain of the Blue, and the selection bids fair to be a judicious one, as his four years' training under Harry Wright, the best club-manager in the country, will enable him to instil some of the same discipline in the men now under him, and go far to insure that success which is confidently expected of all the 4 body of ball-players as constitute the Baltimore Club. The rules adopted by the Board of Directors for the government of the players are very strict, and consist in part as follows: Drinking intoxicating liquor subjects the offender to a fine of $50; disobedience of the captain's orders to a fine of $5; absence from practice, $5; late arrivals at practice, fifty cents each fifteen minutes after 3:30; playing cards for money, $10; disorderly and quarreling, to suspension without pay for such a length of time as the manager and captain may determine. The men are also required when traveling to obtain permission from the captain before they can leave their hotel, and are held responsible for losses or damages to their uniforms. The club will rent the Newington grounds from the Messrs. Houck this season, and will thus be enabled to give visiting clubs better terms than formerly, and will also largely increase their own receipts while playing on their own grounds. The opening game of the season in Baltimore will take place early in April, the new Philadelphia Club being the Baltimore opponents. Arrangements have also been made to play the Philadelphia Club on the Newington grounds on the 4th of July next."

THE PHILADELPHIANS AT WORK.—There is nothing like getting to work early in the season so as to get one's hand in. This fact the Philadelphia Club appear fully to realize, and, in accordance with the rule on March 13 they took advantage of the fair weather, and going down to Glenloch, had a good opening practice game with a picked nine of that place, which resulted as follows:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Philadelphia | 5 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 7 | 7 | —26 |
| Field | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | — 2 |

The Philadelphians had Mack, Meyerle, Malone, Fulmer and Wodsworth, of their nine, assisted by Devlin, Hall, Dr. Gary and Donnelly. On Friday, 21st, they had another game with their full team in the field except Mack, Fulmer taking place in the field side. The score stood 30 to 13, the play not being as good as on Tuesday.

THE LATE KENDRICK CHANDLER AND PHILIP J. DONOVAN.—A New Orleans correspondent, referring to the obituary notice of the first-named gentleman in our issue of March 8, Record of Deaths, writing to correct an impression that has obtained in this section. So far from having been the regular pitcher of the Southern Club, he never once played in that position, his post for three years being that of catcher. Mr. Chandler, it will be remembered, was killed during the last political riot in the Crescent City; and since then another member of the Southern Club has died. Mr. Philip J. Donovan, perhaps more widely known as "Keith Pell," was for a period of several years the regular catcher for the club. The gentleman died suddenly, of congestion of the brain, March 15.

NOTES.—The Atlantic nine has been changed to the extent of substituting Charley Mills, the veteran catcher of the old champion nine, for Tommy Barlow, whose health is not quite up to the mark. The addition of Mills will materially add to the prestige of the Atlantics this season..... Play is to be inaugurated on Saturday, and the week following—weather permitting—at the Union ground's..... The Maple Leaf Club, of Delhi, New York, have been negotiating for the services of a pitcher, and Brainard has been wisely chosen..... Beals is to be replaced by Thomas in the Washington nine, Beals retiring.

ROGERS COUNTS HIMSELF OUT.—The following letter is from Mr. Rogers, of the Red Stockings of 1872:

BOSTON NEW YORK CLIPPER.—I request you to correct statement as to my being engaged to play base-ball with the Boston nine this year. I have declined all offers, and decided not to play, as my time is otherwise engaged. But I hope to see my old club retain the "championship." F. W. ROGERS.

*New York, March 18.*

A HANDSOME FULL-SIZE BASE-BALL, in morocco case, has been provided at the expense of Messrs. Emerson Brothers, of Lynchburg, Va., to be presented, as a trophy of each season's games, to the winning club, to be held by it as a memorial of the close of the season. A circular has been sent to the various base-ball clubs of the state, inviting them to a friendly contest for the championship.

P. BRODERICK, of Troy, N. Y., sends us a communication, in which he states that he desires to enter a nine to play for the professional championship. The grounds of the club are to be located at Rensselaer Park, and Mr. Broderick will be prepared to pay over the necessary entrance fee whenever called upon to do so by Harry Wright.

THE OLD OLYMPIC CLUB, of Philadelphia, have organized this season on a strictly amateur footing, and they will play no games with any nines not of their class—that is, nines who do not play for gate money. They will celebrate their fortieth anniversary this season. They are the oldest ball club in America.

THE ATLANTIC B. B. CLUB, of Morrisania, N. Y., recently elected the following officers: President, Wm. G. Hack; vice president, T. Tuttle; treasurer, C. Cunningham; secretary, F. Emerich.

THE LONE STAR CLUB, of Albany, N. Y., having reorganized for the season of 1873, will play any junior club in this state. Address W. Sanford, Mansion House, Albany, N. Y.

THE OLD KEYSTONES are to be reorganized with the old "vets" Woods, Cope, Dick, etc., in the wire.

THE ATHLETICS are training daily in gymnastic exercise.

## THE RING.

A WORTHY OBJECT.—Mrs. Kerrigan, the blind vocalist, who for years has contributed to the enjoyment of the patrons of Harry Hill's Variities, has for some time past been prostrated by a dangerous illness, and with a view to securing for her the means of procuring additional comforts, a complimentary testimonial has been tendered her at that establishment. The event will take place on the afternoon of Thursday, 27th inst., and the entertainment will consist of sparring, club-swinging, wrestling, vocal and instrumental music, double and single acts by the performers attached to the Varieties, dancing, etc. Among the sparrers who are announced to positively appear are Joe Coburn, Bill Clark, Johnny Dwyer, Johnny Murphy, Pete Croker, George Rooke, Mike Coburn, Tim Collins, Charley Cannon, Dooney Harris, George Siler, Billy Madden, Arthur Chambers, George Seddons, Dan Kerrigan and Mike Travers. Everything will be done to make the affair particularly entertaining, and it is hoped that the frequenters of Hill's will turn out en masse in the cause of charity.

A HIGHLIGHTED EPITAPH.—A writer in the latest issue of Bell's Life to hand expresses his opinion that it is to be deplored that upon the tomb of the valiant Tom Sayers, in Highgate Cemetery, London, Eng., "there is not a letter to signify his name—nor is there a cipher or figure of any kind that would in any way inform the spectator of the year in which he died—and but for the ability displayed by the sculptor in carving the exact image of the deceased's side face, and the dog upon his tomb, there would be no such thing as discovering whose remains lay beneath." The writer then remarks that a subscription be raised, "if only a shilling one," to have an epitaph engraved in the marble. It is a strange oversight, for we can hardly imagine that it was intended. Between seven and eight years have elapsed since Tom's death.

JOHNNY MURPHY had a pretty good house at his benefit, which took place at Hibernian Hall, Gold street, Brooklyn, on March 19. Those who put up their hands for his weal were Johnny Lennox and Tim Collins, whose set-to was rather warm; Young Hannah and George Seldons, Johnny Sanders and Ed. Mallahan, Billy Madden and George Siler, Pete Croker and Dad Cannon, Maginnis and Russell, Morley and Connolly. The wind-up was a neat display of science between Joe Coburn and Murphy. Uncle Tovee was M. C.

BILLY EDWARDS MATCHED.—By private advices from Manchester, Eng., we are informed that Billy Edwards, the celebrated light-weight, was matched to fight young Fawcett, one of Pat Mallins' old opponents, for a £50 purse. The affair was to have been pulled on the quiet near the watering pot of England, for the amusement of a select number of gentlemen. Some time during the week ending March 15 was the time, and we shall probably have the result in about five weeks.

WE HAVE RECEIVED communications from both Harry Hicken and Bryan Campbell, each of whom offers to make a fresh match for as much as the other desires; Campbell making it conditional, however, that Hicken's backers return the $200 they received from the stakeholder, which proviso knocks all prospect of another match in the head. Perhaps it is just as well that it is so.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS AT EAST NEWARK.—This sturdy light-weight will be the recipient of a benefit at Murphy's Hall, Passaic Boat House, East Newark, N. J., Tuesday evening, April 1. Harry Hill, Fred Smith, Johnny Dwyer, Geo. Siler and others are announced, while the wind-up is to be between Tim Collins and Arthur Chambers. The latter will exhibit his trophies.

A VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT for the benefit of Joe Ryan, alias "Wrestling Joe," will be given at the Metropolitan Hall, No. 5 Market street, near Monroe, on Saturday evening, March 29: the performances to embrace wrestling, sparring, club-swinging, clog and jig dancing, etc. The price of admission has been fixed at fifty cents.

BILLY MADDEN'S show at Harry Hill's on the afternoon of the 25th came off as but fairly attended. The sparrers who took part were Ed. Mallahan and Young Grady, George Siler and Johnny Lazarus, Cannon and Collins, Jim Wilson and Tom Carle, John Hoffman and Seddons' mouse—the wind-up being between Johnny Aaron and Madden. Uncle Tovee, M. C.

NED TIERNEY and Sullivan, of Newport, R. I., were to have fought near Pawtucket on the 19th inst., says a dispatch from Providence; but just as the men were about to commence operations a dispatch was received announcing the death of Sullivan's mother, and he properly refused to go on with it.

NOBBY CLARK, the noted feather-weight, we understand is enjoying his otium cum dig in the vicinity of Birmingham, Eng.

PATSEY SHEPPARD and Mike O'Connor set-to at Nolan's Varieties, Nashua, N. H., on March 21. They have secured Music Hall, Manchester, for the 28th inst.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**"NAPOLEON."**
A historical tragic drama in five acts, written by
JOHN S. NORTON, New York, 1873.
The above title, drama, &c., have been duly copyrighted. Any infringement will be legally dealt with. 52-1t*

**CIRCUS PADS.**
**MILLER, MORRISON & CO.,**
**596 BROADWAY,**
are now manufacturing, and have on hand, the
**ONLY AND BEST ENGLISH CIRCUS PADS**
in the country.
USED BY ALL THE BEST RIDERS.
Refer to Messrs. Dockrill, Melville, Cooke, Sebastian, and many others.
Every variety of Circus Trappings, Harness, Saddles, Bridles, etc., at the shortest notice. 52-1t

**HOOLEY & CHRISTY,**
NEAT AND SENSATION SONG AND DANCE ARTISTS,
having finished an engagement of
NINETEEN WEEKS
AT HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE,
desire to hear from Managers.
No objection to a first class travelling company.
Address C. H. HALLETON,
Hooley's Opera House,
52-1t* Brooklyn.

**MAUD DE LISLE**
Would like to hear from the lawyer who was recently trying to find out her whereabouts. It is believed that he wished to see her in connection with some property relating to MAJOR MORTIMER. Address MAUD DE LISLE,
Looney's Varieties,
52-2t* St. Louis, Mo.

**THEATRE COMIQUE,**
514 BROADWAY.
MR. JOSH HART.....Lessee and Manager
THE SUMMER SEASON
AT THIS ESTABLISHMENT
WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE
PRODUCTION OF FIRST CLASS
SENSATIONAL STAR DRAMAS.
STARS DESIRING TO NEGOTIATE FOR TIME
DURING THE SEASON,
WHICH COMMENCES UPON
MONDAY, MAY 19, 1873,
WILL ADDRESS
JOHN F. POOL,
Business Manager,
NOTE.—FIRST CLASS Theatre Comique.
STARS
ONLY
NEED ADDRESS. 52-1t

**BOWERY THEATRE.**
WILLIAM R. WHEELOCK.....MANAGER.
MONDAY EVENING, March 24, 1873, and during the week,
A NEW SENSATION.
First production of an entirely original romantic nautical drama, entitled
JACK HARKAWAY,
OR,
AFLOAT AND ASHORE.
New scenery and magnificent effects and the most thrilling tableaux ever witnessed will be presented in this drama, with a powerful cast of characters.
MR. HERNANDES POSTER
Is engaged and will perform a peculiar characterization, written expressly for him. Preceded each evening by a roaring comedietta.
Immense novelties in preparation.
A BAD LOT
IS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION
FOR EARLY REPRESENTATION. 52-1t

**TONY PASTOR'S**
OPERA HOUSE, 201 BOWERY.
GUS WILLIAMS.....DUTCH STAR COMIQUE.
GUS WILLIAMS.....IN HIS NEW DRAMA.
GUS WILLIAMS.....THE DUTCH ORGAN GRINDER.
GEORGE F. MOORE AND KITTY HENDERSON.
GEORGE F. MOORE AND KITTY HENDERSON.
BILLY CARTER. THE BANJO BILLY CARTER.
BILLY CARTER. MONARCH BILLY CARTER.
SADIE O'NEIL, THE DASHING DARKEYNE.
CONCHITA RONZATI, TIGHTROPE ARTISTE.
M'LLE DE GRANVILLE, THE FEMALE SAMPSON.
TONY PASTOR'S
NEW SONGS.
JOHN MULLIGAN. JOHN MULLIGAN.
EUGENE BLITZ. EUGENE BLITZ.
ALL THE FAVORITES.
MATINEES ON TUESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 2½.
LADIES ADMITTED FREE
ON FRIDAY EVENINGS. 52-1t

**WOOD'S MUSEUM.**
JOS. MURPHY.
ONE WEEK OF HELP.
EVENING AT 8. AFTERNOON AT 2.
First time of the LAST WEEK of the
Irish Comedian, BEAUTIFUL BLONDES
MR. JOS. MURPHY. BEAUTIFUL BLONDES
MR. JOS. MURPHY. In
BURLESQUE.
In The performances
HELP, will commence with
written specially the Drama
to display OF
MR. JOS. MURPHY'S SOLON SHINGLE,
Irish, MR. JOS. MURPHY'S SOLON SHINGLE,
Ethiopian concluding with
and Broadway Burlesque
Dutch of
Specialties. 52-1t EHNANI.

**L. B. LENT'S**
MUSEUM, NEW YORK CIRCUS, MENAGERIE,
CARAVAN AND
ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,
combining a Great Triple Circus Troupe, a superb array of Elephants, Lions, Tigers, Leopards, African Gazelles, Camels, Tropical Birds, Monster Serpents, with Giants, Dwarfs, Circassian Ladies, Bearded Females, Albinos, Living Skeletons, Snake Charmers, Glass-Blowers, thirty of the Smallest and Prettiest Ponies in the World, &c. &c.
WILL OPEN AT 1 P. M.,
MONDAY, MARCH 31,
on the block bounded by
MADISON AND FOURTH AVENUES,
TWENTY-SIXTH AND TWENTY-SEVENTH STREETS.
ENTRANCE ON FOURTH AVENUE.
CIRCUS EXHIBITIONS COMMENCE AT 2 AND 8.
DOORS OPEN AT 1 AND 7.
Admission, 50c.; Children under nine years, 25c. 52-1t

**P. T. BARNUM'S**
GREAT TRAVELING
**WORLD'S FAIR,**
MUSEUM,
MENAGERIE AND HIPPODROME,
WILL OPEN
**SATURDAY, MARCH 29,**
at 1 o'clock P. M., at the
AMERICAN INSTITUTE BUILDING,
(RINK)
corner Third avenue and Sixty-third street,
FOR TEN DAYS ONLY.
One hundred thousand new and interesting novelties, including all the most rare and costly wild animals, Sea Lions, and other marine monsters and thousands of rare birds; Prof. Faber's wonderful Talking Machine; Giants, Dwarfs, Fiji Cannibals, Albinos, the celebrated Aztec Children, the "What Is It?" and many other human phenomena and strange freaks of nature. Also, National Portrait Gallery, Hall of Statuary and Fine Art, and scores of most curious and beautiful moving mechanical automatons, from Paris and Geneva. Trained elephants, ponies, bears, camels, monkeys and riding goats, grand double hippodrome and three great circus troupes, giving two separate performances at the same time, in two separate circus rings, by the largest corps of talented male and female artists in the world.
Look out for the
GREAT THREE-MILE PROCESSION,
FRIDAY MORNING AND AFTERNOON, MARCH 28,
Over the following
ROUTE,
commencing at 11 o'clock A. M.:
DOWN THIRD AVENUE TO BOWERY,
TO EAST SIDE OF POST OFFICE;
UP BROADWAY TO FOURTEENTH STREET, TO SIXTH AVENUE, TO FIFTY-NINTH STREET, TO EIGHTH AVENUE, TO FOURTEENTH STREET, TO FIFTH AVENUE, TO FORTY-SECOND STREET, TO SECOND AVENUE, TO SIXTY-THIRD STREET.
THE LAST PART OF THE ROUTE
WILL BE PASSED OVER
FROM 2 TO 4 O'CLOCK
TO ACCOMMODATE
SCHOOL-CHILDREN.
Everybody within twenty miles of New York ought to see it.
Doors open from 1 till 6 and 7 to 11 P. M.
Double Hippodrome performances begin at 2 and 8.
Admission to all 50 cents; children 25 cents; a few reserved seats 25 cents extra. 52-1t

**Thirty-Fourth Street Theatre,**
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEAR THIRD AVENUE.
MONS. LA THORNE.....Lessee and Manager
**OPENING NIGHT,**
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 14,
with a large and talented troupe of artists, combining all the amusements of the day
IN A NEW AND ATTRACTIVE COMEDY, BURLESQUE, BALLET, FARCE, SENSATIONAL GYMNASTICS AND ETHIOPIAN SPECIALTIES
in a rare and attractive bill, illustrated by first-class comedians.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
In consequence of some alterations having to be done, the opening of the above theatre has been postponed from March 17 to April 14, when it will positively open for the season. Artists desiring engagements, and those who have already written, will please write again to MONS. LA THORNE, Clipper office, or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 52-1t

**HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE,**
Re-engagement of the
CHERIDEN PANTOMIME TROUPE with MONS. VELARDE, the best Harlequin in the country,
JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK,
New Scenery, Costumes and Appointments, Mechanical Changes, Comical Situations, Tricks, &c., &c. Engagement of Messrs. Niles and Evans. All the members of the Minstrel company in new songs, acts, &c. JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK
Matinee Saturday at half past 2 o'clock. 52-1t*

**HENRY SPARKS, CIRCUS**
TENT MANUFACTURER, 173 South st., N. Y., is completing J. O'Brien's work for his Great Traveling Shows. Also, several tents, stables, &c., for G. P. Hart's Great Keystone Circus, with 9 large tents for Mr. Spaulding & Ryan's Great Circus and Menagerie. Give him a call before ordering elsewhere. 52-2t*

**APOLLO HALL,**
WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y.
This Hall has a spacious dimension of 105 by 82 feet, and well ventilated. Seating capacity over 1,000. Stage and Scenery, and is centrally located and one of the finest halls in the state. Address THOMAS BROWNE, Proprietor. 52-1t*

**TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.**
WM. LA RUE & SONS
can be engaged for the coming season. Business:
BAREBACK HURDLE AUT, DANCING BARREL AND GLOBE; ALSO, POSTURING AT WIRE BY HIS TWO SONS.
Address WM. LA RUE,
52-3t* No. 805 South Ninth street, Philadelphia.

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD.**
TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES THEATRE,
PENN ST., NEAR 6TH,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
R. GARDNER & TRIMBLE.....Lessees and Managers
H. W. WILLIAMS.....Stage Manager
HERE WE ARE AGAIN,
LOOK ONCE MORE!
THE HUTILLA TROUPE.
MLLE. ZITELLA,
THOS. VARELLA, JOS. VARELLA,
ALICE BATEMAN AND WM. NOONAN,
MANCHESTER AND JENNINGS,
THE GREAT LAURI FAMILY,
BILLY BARRY, PETE LEE, MISS SADIE ROGERS, MINNIE GRAY, FANNY FORDHAM, LUCY CLIFTON, H. W. WILLIAMS.
TRUE TO THE CORE.
NO FALSE COLORS HERE!
Write if you want two or four weeks. 43-13t

**JOHN HENRY COOKE**
IN LONDON.
[The Daily News, March 4, 1873.]
HENGLER'S CIRQUE.
The programme at this place of amusement, which has been running with uninterrupted success since Christmas, includes J. H. Cooke as the "English Jockey." The performance of this gentleman, who, whether waltzing round and round on the saddle or occupying about a couple of inches at the extreme end of his steed's back, appears gifted with a marvellous power of adhesion to the animal, elicited loud applause from the audience, and his clever feat of leaping to the back of a horse at full gallop without the aid of his hands fairly brought down the house. 52-2t

**E. D. DAVIES TENDERS HIS**
sincere thanks to Dan Bryant, Tony Pastor, Josh Hart and W. R. Butler, Esq., for their courtesy in permitting artistes engaged at their theatres to appear at his BENEFIT, Thursday last, March 27; also to the following ladies and gentlemen who so generously volunteered and performed on that occasion, his most grateful thanks: Mrs. Wright, Miss Bessie Sudlow, Miss Laura Joyce, Miss Milly Cook, Miss Francis, Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Le Brun, Miss Parsee, Miss Jennie Hughes, Miss Jennie Worrell, Miss Bella Wallace, Mrs. Fielding and little Lizzie Coote; Tony Pastor, Dan Bryant, M. W. Leffingwell, G. C. Coes, Joe Lang, R. W. Prescott, L. Schockerat, J. H. Myers, J. S. Campbell, J. Rogers, the Child Americus, Mr. J. Gilbert, Mr. Rooney, Dave Reed, Miss Seymour, Harry Stanwood, Morrissey, Emmerson, Brockway, J. W. McAndrews, Turner and Lester, J. Hart, J. Wild, R. D. Goodling, J. Quood, G. L. Stout, J. Bradley, Mr. Fielding, Billy West, Frank Girard, J. Mulligan, H. Hart; to M. Connolly and the gentlemen of the orchestra, for their efficient services; to Mr. J. Vincent, the stage-manager, and D. Sherwood and staff. 52-1t

**WANTED, A RESPONSIBLE**
gentleman, with $3,000 capital, to act as treasurer for a well known Lady Star. None but those having the required amount need apply.
Address, E. W. L., care of Clipper Office. 52-1t*

**FOR RENT,**
AMERICAN THEATRE,
LATE FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
To all Traveling Companies on reasonable terms,
FROM MAY 1 TO AUGUST 1.
Apply to FRED. AIMS, Lessee. 52-1t*

**PROF. RISLEY & SON, DRA-**
MATIC AGENCY, sole agents for the La Markes Brothers, Leotard Sensation, the Carroll Family, Moore and Henderson, and other leading artists. PROF. RISLEY & SON, Grand Central Skating, Philadelphia, Pa. 52-1t*

**HARRY ROBINSON'S**
MINSTRELS.

GREAT SUCCESS OF
"THE MAN WITH THE SILVER HORNS."
To become a successful manager requires more than ordinary ability. A person in the position must know how to treat the thousands who approach him from day to day. Many come with the offer of their services, while others want a pocket full of tickets. The manager's trouble, however, are described in the following rhyme by our poet:
He is always on needles with something on hand,
For out of hot water a manager will stand;
He is worried and fretted and bothered every hour,
And then he's a fiend if he dares to look sour.
An Editor comes with a local in hand
Of three or four lines, and he makes his demand:
"I want a free ticket, my wife and myself;
Five sons and four daughters, and the devil himself,
That poor little urchin, all covered with ink,
"You won't want any more P. T.? Just wait till I think;
Well! none except coming come in from the farm.
If so, why the devil will give the alarm,
And I'll just send him down for another or two,
But let privately and confidentially them tell you."
The manager then lays him down for a nap,
He is falling asleep, but soft, there's a rap.
"Who's there?" "There's a gentleman waiting below,
"He says he has a message down for you must go.
"Mr. Robinson?" (or for that it might have been Sherry),
The manager says "yes," and tries to be merry.
But smiles with contempt it almost stamped on his face
When he sees of a gentleman not the least trace,
But a piece of humanity almost in rags:
"I write for the 'Growler' those are his 'tags.'"
His hand, all begrimmed, from his pocket he draws:
"I came here to see you, Mr. Robinson, because
I want a few tickets, about ten are enough.
And next week, in the 'Growler,' I'll give you a 'puff.'"
Says the manager, "Sir, will ten be enough?"
"I think so, to take any more would be rough."
So he folds up his tickets and puts in his pocket,
And the hearsed correspondent is off like a rocket.
The manager waits for coming events,
Buys next week's 'Growler,' scans its contents,
And there he sees something that opens his eyes,
(The reporter was only a wolf in disguise).
"The manager has had, at last one of them played,
And the performance throughout was a star in the shade."
Not in six months after, while traveling still,
The manager again finds he's in Hornellsville,
And guess the same manager is happy and worse,
And becoming angry he utters a curse.
"You threadbare impostor, you come with a smile
With your rum-blossomed nose and your breath stinking vile,
And I hasten to tell you, you are a disgrace,
And thus, sir, I close my door in your face!
Go now, write an article, say what you please,
Rid me of that smell worse than Limberger cheese."
The "Growler" man left with his hand hanging low,
"I'll do all I can to hurt Robinson's show."
So home went this seedy, unprincipled bloat,
And to the "Orphan" quickly a letter he wrote.
And here we insert the "Growler's" comments,
In order that every one may scan its contents,
For unless in the CLIPPER they're published, 'tis true
Said comments would only be read by a few.
It is unfortunate for the profession that roughs and blackguards occasionally crawl into positions that are only designed for respectable people. There was recently an individual in Hornellsville who styled himself Harry Robinson, who perambulates the small towns in the interior of the state with a few people who give a daily street show with horns. Now, it is evident that these are not the horns particular to this Robinson, or he could not have vomited the beastly language as mentioned in our correspondent's letter. It must be a "nice" show for ladies and children, if the members of the company take their lessons from Robinson, of N. Y. Sunday Orgies!

It will be noticed that the "Growler" man says that "roughs and blackguards occasionally crawl into positions that are only designed for respectable people." Now, this is emphatically true, or the Hornellsville man would never have become a correspondent of the "Growler." He says that Mr. Robinson "perambulates the SMALL TOWNS in the INTERIOR of the state with a FEW PEOPLE."

HOW'S THIS?

Harry Robinson's silver helicon band played some fine music before our office to-day. It is the best minstrel band we know of, and one of the best bands to be found anywhere.—Cleveland Daily Plain Dealer, Wednesday, March 19, 1873.

OR THIS?

ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS.—The above named company—eighteen in number—gave one of their unrivaled entertainments at Brainard's Opera House last night, to a packed house. This company is one of the best that have visited Cleveland for some time. Mr. Robinson himself is simply immense. His sleight-of-hand and flying trapeze took the audience by storm, creating roars of laughter, and we must confess to a soreness of the sides which warns us to be careful when we go against so see Robinson, which, if alive and well, we expect to do to-night. Mr. Robinson is known as "the man with the silver horns." Said horns are twelve in number, and are carried on the street by as fine looking men as we ever saw with a minstrel or any other company, and their music is of the same description, together with the merits of his band, will please accept our thanks for the delightful music with which they serenaded us last night, after the entertainment. Turn out and hear them to-night.—Cleveland Daily Herald, March 19, 1873.

OR THIS?

BRAINARD'S OPERA HOUSE.—Harry Robinson, "the man with the silver horns," and his first-rate troupe of minstrels opened a two evenings' engagement at this place of amusement last night. The hall was packed to suffocation, a large number standing. The entertainment was in every respect good. The jokes, many of them new, provoked much laughter. The singing, too, was especially praiseworthy, as was also the cornet band music. The statue clog of George and William Guy made a hit, and was twice encored. Harry Robinson, in his comicalities, burlesque ballooning, new ball comedienne, flying trapeze, etc., convulsed the audience. The success of this troupe since it was organized, seven months ago, has been almost unrivaled. It is greeted with full houses wherever it goes.—Cleveland Daily Leader, March 19, 1873.

OR THIS?

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS were greeted with an overflowing house last evening. There were many excellent features in the performance, but the greatest hit was the magic and flying trapeze performance of the "boss" himself, Harry Robinson. That part of the entertainment was immense. Mr. Robinson is called "the man with the silver horns" because he has a band of musicians provided with silver helicon instruments. This troupe will remain in this city but one more day, giving the last performance this evening. Lovers of first-class minstrelsy will govern themselves accordingly.—Cleveland Daily Plain Dealer, March 19th, 1873.

The Hornellsville man (?) also says that "the 'silver horns' are not the 'horns' of which Mr. R. is fond." It is a fact of which Mr. Robinson is proud, that he never was intoxicated in his life, and "refreshments" will not be provided on the train for the use of spirituous liquors. He is painfully reminded of "Old Dog Tray" when he thinks of his fellow-man in this apology for a man, the Hornellsville correspondent of the "Growler." The correspondent speaks of Mr. Robinson's vomiting, etc. Now, Mr. Robinson did not vomit, but certainly must have done so had he been obliged to take the second whiff of the "Growler" man's breath. Harry Robinson's company now consists of twenty performers. Harry Lacy, tenor vocalist, joined the company at Cleveland, Ohio, and Frank Kent, burlesque prima donna, at Toledo, Ohio. Quilter and Goldridge join the company on the 28th.

MORE ANON.
HARRY ROBINSON,
52-1t* Sole Proprietor and Manager.
E. M. GOTTHOLD, General Agent.

**THE GREAT ORIGINAL**
**NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS.**
L. P. BENJAMIN.....PROPRIETOR
J. DEVERE.....TREASURER
W. CONVERSE.....STAGE MANAGER
J. GORTON.....MUSICAL DIRECTOR
C. A. WILSON.....AGENT
ASSISTED BY
GORTON'S
**SPLENDID SILVER CORNET BAND,**
COMPOSED OF BOTH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
USING THE CELEBRATED
Schrieder Patent Water-Valve Instrument.
LA RUE, N. Y., March 21, 1873.
FRANK QUEEN.—Will you please inform the readers of the CLIPPER that your recent OBITUARY notice of a certain "New Orleans Minstrels" down in MOUNT can have no reference to me, but is evidently one of a number of cases of concerns and different times have taken our name for selfish purposes. We have not been in New England for over four months. Respectfully yours,
52-1t* Proprietor Great Original New Orleans Minstrels. E. BENJAMIN.

**NOTICE.**
ANOTHER GREAT HIT BY THE
**MATTHEWS FAMILY.**
AT THE
GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE, TROY.
The same as always, making a success wherever they go throughout the country. Another success of little Lauretta Matthews, the
YOUNGEST SONG AND DANCE CHILD IN THE WORLD.
We have omitted to mention the singing of the youngest of the Matthews family, four years old. She is probably the youngest man in the universe who ever appeared in public, and is received with marked favor.—Troy Daily Whig, March 20, 1873.

**A CARD TO**
**MR. HAWLEY.**
Mr. Matthews was engaged with Sanger's circus in England for twelve years as principal horseman, taking clown and leaper, and for that service gave him a PURSE OF GOLD. He is a pig in a bag away. If Mr. Hawley has anything to do with Mr. Matthews or Arthur Gregory he will want greasing, or we will catch him by the leg and pull his boot off.
If Mr. Hawley and Arthur Gregory will CHALLENGE Mr. Hawley for from five thousand to twenty-five thousand, as it won't pay Mr. Matthews to lose time for less.
THE MAN AND THE MONEY.
Will challenge Mr. Hawley TO DO the single tight-rope and running globe, flying trapeze, doing double forward somersault and double back ward somersault to the bed, and can make sure of alighting on their feet. NOT ON THE BACK; also the single ladder, single horizontal bar, triple horizontal bars, single tumbling, brother acts, single trapeze or double trapeze; and Arthur Gregory, Theodore Matthews, and little George Matthews will do the triple and double somersault, that is—if the grease on Mr. Hawley's back will allow him to (as it is a bad drawing plaster), to follow the Matthews family and A. Gregory. The Matthews family gained a great name throughout the United States, and we are not doing this for a NAME, as we have a name from all the variety managers in America. Hoping no brother performer will take any notice of this, as we are not alluding to anybody but Mr. Hawley. So I hope we will hear no more of it.
Matthews family open at Brooklyn Monday, March 24, and P. T. Barnum's 29th. 52-1t

**FRED. AIMS'**
**AMERICAN VARIETIES THEATRE,**
PITTSBURGH, PA.
THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE'S
ENTIRE GRAND BALLET TROUPE.
The Premier French Dancers,
MLLE. RICCI.
The brilliant Artistic Dancesses,
MLLE. MARIE HOLT AND VIRO FARRAND,
And the charming Corryphees, Miss Ella Hunt, Miss Bella Clifton, Estella Drew, Carrie Durivage, Cline sisters, Maria May, Tilly Prestage, Mlle. Irene, Frankie Lee, Emma Morris, Florence Wright, under the direction of the Maitre de Ballet,
SIGNOR VITO CECLIVI.
IN GRAND NEW PICTURESQUE BALLETS.
Also appear, The Garnella Brothers, Frankee Berkley, Hawley Brothers, J. W. Berkley, Chipeco sisters, Ben Hays, Tilly Prestage, Charley Gleason, Chas. H. Seamon, and the new sensational drama, entitled
LITTLE MAUDE; OR, OUT OF THE DEPTHS.
Address Manager, as above, for engagements; or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, New York City. 5-1t*

**LANNIER'S**
DRAMATIC COMPANY.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY A RELIABLE HEAVY MAN.
State lowest terms. Silence a respectful negative.
W. M. LANNIER,
52-1t* Harlem, New York.

**WANTED,**
A GOOD SENSATIONAL PLAY.
ADDRESS FANNY GARRABATTY,
care W. M. LANNIER,
52-1t* Harlem, New York.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**
In consequence of the date of the sailing of the steamship Egypt having been changed from Wednesday, April 2d, to Saturday, March 29th, I shall leave for Europe four days earlier than previously announced. It is my intention to be absent about three months. My travels will extend through Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, etc., and if any first-class novelties can be procured for this country at a living salary for managers, I shall endeavor to secure such. Managers and others in and out of the profession having any business they would like to have attended to by me abroad, will please notify me at once. During my absence the business of my office will be under the superintendence of Mr. Robert B. Stevens, who is fully posted in all its details.
52-1t COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

**LAURA KEENE**
LAURA KEENE
AND
POWERFUL DRAMATIC COMPANY
will visit the principal cities with the following pieces:
THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN COUSIN,
unaltered and unabridged.
ONLY A DRINK AND WHAT LED TO,
an American Drama of powerful interest.
THE LEILA HAWK,
a beautiful Irish Play, in 2 acts, full of thrilling situations and
GUTTLE HIM MY NAME,
THUS SEEKING TO ROB ME,
as it were of the reputation which
I HAVE WON
FOR MYSELF
ONLY BY THE MOST
UNTIRING EFFORTS
AND ASSIDUOUS LABOR.
By giving this simple but truthful statement space in your valuable columns you will confer a lasting favor on
ONE WHO
WILL ALWAYS
USE HIS
UTMOST ENDEAVORS
TO MERIT THE
APPROBATION OF
A LIBERAL AND
DISCRIMINATING
PUBLIC.
ON MY OWN EFFORTS ALONE,
WITHOUT STOOPING TO INFRINGEMENT
ON THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS.
Very respectfully,
FRED LEVANTINE,
Theatre Comique,
MARCH 21, 1873. (52-1t*) Washington, D. C.

## ODE TO THE JACK OF CLUBS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ROBERT FILLEY.

Then jolly old ace again, all hail, give us thy hand—
A welcome to our festive board, to our happy, jolly band;
A welcome to our sport to-night, how e'er it may incline,
We'll drink thy health, our chubby friend, in bright and sparkling wine.

We recognize in thee, dear Jack, a friend of earlier years—
Time often so set to joy hath turned our cup of bitter tears;
How oft when fate our dearest hopes to another earth should dash,
Then'd turn in time to win for us a julep or a smash.

Can we forget thee, then, dear Jack? Not much; nor while a grain
Of Doctor Brown's eternal sands of life shall yet remain;
Till ages then few brief hairs shall bear that circle round our pate,
While we reluctantly confess do fall so fast of late,

Till time shall tally on our brow the sum of passing years.
We'll be thy friend, dear Jack, as now, thy friend 'mid joy and tears;
And when on earth we're handed in our last remaining check.
We hope when next we meet thou'll be the topmost of the deck.

## AUNT MERCY'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK B. FINN.

We were visiting Aunt Mercy on the anniversary of her birth, and, after other topics had been discussed, some one having touched on the subject of dreams, we asked Aunt Mercy if she believed in them.

"I don't know as I do as a *general* thing, though I 'spose I *ought* to, for a dream I once had saved a fellow-creature's life and prevented an innocent man from being hung," was her answer.

We knew then that she had a story to tell, and, though persons could tell a narrative better than she, no one was more eagerly listened to than Aunt Mercy. Knowing that we desired to hear the full particulars, without waiting to be coaxed she commenced her strange story.

"It's many a year ago it all happened, for I was young then and somewhat giddy, believing I had only to take my pick out of all the young fellows who were always hovering around me. I saw that John Trask was fond of me, and I used to vex him more than I ought to have done; but he seemed to take it all in good part and never thought less of me. He worked up at the great house for old Mark Stone, but they never seemed to get along together; they almost always had some quarrel, yet it never broke out so terribly as it did one late spring afternoon, and then John became so enraged that he actually swore at old Mark. That very night I was to go to a party, with John for my escort; but when I heard how he had been going on I refused to let him go with me. I could forgive his quarreling, though a swearing man I could never abide. I told him that I had done with him from that time forth. I went to the party alone and John never came the whole evening.

"When it came to breaking-up time the girls all had beaux to see them home, but I resolved to go by myself. It was a moonlight night, and I wasn't afraid. I really wanted to be alone, and I thought John might meet me, and we could make up and be friends again. I walked on and on, and had come to the middle of the woods that led to old Mark's house, when I stopped and almost fainted, for I saw such a sight as almost made my blood run cold. There was Mark Stone lying dead on the ground, and beside him stooped the figure of a man who had his back to me. I scarcely dared to move lest the murderer should seek also to kill me, who was the witness of his guilty deed. I knew not what to do. I just stood and trembled, fearing by making the least motion to draw the man's attention to me. But with all my fright I couldn't keep my eyes away from the dead man and the one who had killed him—it seemed just like what I'd read of people being fascinated by a serpent. Then the wonder came to me as to who the man was, when he raised his face toward where I was, though he couldn't see me, for I was hidden behind some trees; and there I beheld the countenance of him whom I never had suspected. It was John Trask.

"I forgot he had been my lover, forgot the many kind words he had said to me, and the many loving deeds he had performed; that was all gone by then. In my eyes he was naught but a murderer, with blood on his hands and a crimson crime upon his soul. I forgot my fear, too, for with another path and rushed with all my might to the great house. I awoke the servants and told them that their master was murdered, that the murderer was John Trask, for I had seen him drawing a bloody knife from the old man's body. At first they thought my senses had left me and that I had become insane, but when they went to the old man's room and found it tenantless, they were more willing to pay heed to my words. I led them to the place where the murder had been committed, and there we found John Trask still near the corpse. The men at once secured him, while others carried the dead body to the great house. John Trask stoutly proclaimed his innocence, and stated the same things he did upon his trial. He said he was on his way to accompany me home, when he stumbled on the corpse of Mark Stone, and remained with him to see if he could not befriend him. No one believed him, for they thought of the quarrel and the evidence I gave of seeing him draw the knife from the body.

"Well, old Mark had a grand funeral, and his body was put to rest in his family vault. John had his trial; he was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and was sentenced to be hung on the first of July.

"I will not weary you with the particulars of the trial, to study it all over I thought it was a terrible affair. I have it on my mind that a human fellow-creature was to be hung upon my evidence; but I could not help it, it came to me to do, to declare, so I did. If a mistake was to be committed in the case of human life, saved, or before the cards a creature was to be wore on, and Jack turned up 'cos it seemed right at the [illegible] can be turned to the hands of justice the slayer [illegible] whether he were friend or foe. The time [illegible] on the day previous to the one set for the execution of my once lover, I went, at his request, to visit him, and bid him farewell. It was a painful interview to both of us. He did not chide or upraid me for what I had done; he forgave me, but asserted his innocence to the last moment. *It was with a saddened* heart that I left his cell and went out into the beautiful world. I could not believe that one who was so near being ushered into his Maker's presence would utter a lie, and for the first time I believed that he spoke truly when he said he was innocent.

"That night, before I went to bed, I knelt and prayed, as I never prayed so earnestly before, that if John Trask was innocent the Lord would spare his life. My prayer was heard and answered. I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed many a wild and weird thing. I saw the condemned man upon the scaffold, begging me to save his life. I saw the drop fall and another human being sent into eternity. Then I thought everyone pointed at me in scorn, and told me that his death lay at my door. After that I dreamed that old Mark came and stood at my bedside, and spoke these words: 'Tis not yet too late to save the innocent. Go to the wood where you discovered my body.' I awoke with a start and heavy beads of perspiration trickled down my face. I was somewhat superstitious, thought that my dream was like a message from the grave, and determined to pay heed to it; so I got up and dressed myself. I called father up and told him what I had dreamed and that I wanted him to accompany me.

"At first he was unwilling to do so, and laughed at me for being so foolish as to heed a troubled dream. But when I told him I should go alone were he not willing to go, he finally consented. It was a lovely night, warm and pleasant, with a round full moon, and we commenced our midnight walk. What I expected to see I could not have told you. Maybe I thought old Mark's ghost would appear to us on the very spot where he was murdered, acquitting John Trask and warning the real murderer. We left our horses and had neared the fatal spot, when father laid his hand on my arm, cautioning me to keep silent, and look. Had I seen Mark's ghost I could not have been more mystified. There was a man kneeling on the ground and feeling around as though he had lost something. 'Confound the luck,' said he, 'I lost the button near this spot when I killed the old man; if 'tis found, my guilt will be proved, for my name is carved upon it. It must not be found, if I have to search all night.'

"Father was troubled with a cold, and despite his efforts to keep quiet, he was obliged to cough. This drew the man's attention to him, and never did I see a person's face so full of terror as was that man's. He knelt at father's feet and exclaimed, 'Mark Stone, can you not rest quietly in your grave? Have you come back from the tomb to accuse me of your murder? Yes, I have the murderer's curse upon my brow. I am an assassin!'

"He fell in a faint at father's feet. He had taken father for a ghost, and he did not look unlike one as the moon shone on his pale face and silvery hair. I'll not keep you much longer, but come to the end of my story. Father and I called for help, and the gate-keeper of the old house came to our aid. It seemed that this man was a wild nephew of old Mark Stone, and by the death of his uncle he would come into possession of the house and grounds; he had been to sea, and had met his uncle on his moonlight walk and murdered him. Coward like, he had not dared to claim the property lest suspicion would be drawn towards him. He was sent to prison, but committed suicide there. John Trask was acquitted, and we became friends again. Friendship grew into love, and he and I were married. I took the liberty all authors have of giving him an assumed name, best you should too easily guess the end of my story. But when you ask me if I believe in dreams, I scarcely know how to answer you, but it seems to me I *ought* to believe in them if I don't."

## WHY HE DID NOT GO ON THE STAGE.

I do not know if I have ever told you seriously, but I have often thought that I should certainly have been as successful on the boards as I have been between them. I assure you that when I was on the stage at Montreal (not having played for years) I was as much astonished at the reality and ease, to myself, of what I did as if I had been another man. See how oddly things come about! When I was about twenty, and knew about three or four successive years of "Mathews' at Homes" from sitting in the pit to hear them, I wrote to Bartley, who was stage-manager at Covent Garden, and told him how young I was, and exactly what I thought I could do; and that I believed I had a strong perception of character and oddity, and a natural power of reproducing in my own person what I observed in others. There must have been a big fish in the letter that struck the bait-line, for Bartley wrote to me, almost immediately, to say that they were busy getting up the "Hunchback" (so they were!), but that they would communicate to me again, in a fortnight. Punctual to the time another letter came, with an appointment to do anything at Mathews' I pleased, before him and Charles Kemble, on a certain day at the theatre. My sister Fanny was in the secret, and was to go with me to play the songs. I was laid up, when the day came, with a terrible bad cold, and an inflammation of the face; the beginning, by the by, of that annoyance in one ear to which I am subject to this day. I wrote to say so, and added that I would resume my application next season. I made a great splash in the gallery soon afterwards; the *Chronicle* opened to me; I had a distinction in the little world of the newspaper, which made me like it, began to write; didn't want money; had never thought of the stage but as a means of getting it; gradually left off turning my thoughts that way; and never resumed the idea. I never told you this, did I? See how near I may have been to another sort of life. This was at the time when I was at Doctors Commons as a shorthand writer for the proctors. And I recollect I wrote the letter from a little office I had there, where the answer came also. It wasn't a very good living (though not a very bad one), and was wearily uncertain, which made me think of the theatre in quite a business-like way. I went to some theatre every night, with a very few exceptions, for at least three years; really studying the bills first, and going to where there was the best acting; and always to see Mathews whenever he played. I practised immensely (even such things as walking in and out, and sitting down in a chair), often four, five and six hours a day, shut up in my own room, or walking about the fields. I remembered to myself, too, a sort of Hamiltonian system for learning parts; and learnt a great number. I haven't even lost the habit now, for I know my Canadian parts immediately, though they were new to me. I must have done a good deal; for, just as Macready found me out, they used to challenge me at Brahm's; and Yates, who was knowing enough in those things, wasn't to be parried at all. It was just the same that day at Keeley's when they were casting up the "Chuzzlewit" last June. —*Forster's "Life of Dickens."*

## LEDGERDEMAIN.

A writer in *Belgravia* thus describes a visit to the magician Hermann at his private residence near London, Eng., and the trick there played for the entertainment of the guests: The dinner passed off handsomely; the viands were of the best in the season; the wine was of the choicest; conversation was brisk, if not brilliant; and good humor threw a radiance over the whole party. It was, in fact, a merry meeting, and there was just the number seated around the table to concentrate the talk and prevent the party from breaking up into knots. Herr Hermann, who was seated at the head of the table, had a Skeptic placed at his right hand. This collocation, which was supposed to be accidental all the time, was designed by the conjuror. He had seen and noticed the incredulity of his guest, and was determined to make a convert of him, or at all events to show off his powers at his expense. The conversation turned upon prestidigitateurs and their various feats of ledgerdemain. Herr Hermann, who, having passed many years in America, and being no stranger to England, spoke English with much fluency, said: "I am well aware that all you savants have an idea how the best of our tricks are accomplished." "I should think so!" from Skeptic. "But I fancy I could puzzle even you!" "Oh, indeed!" again from Skeptic. "By all means try it." "I shall; and after dinner I will show you a few tricks, and I will defy any of you to have the remotest idea how they are done." "Bravo!" from all the company except Skeptic, who laughed and helped himself to wine, and congratulated himself on being so much cleverer than the conjuror. The tricks played by Hermann are thus described: "Presently Herr Hermann rings the bell, and tells the man servant, who answers it, to fetch some cards. The man retired, and came back with two packs of cards, in secured cases, and placed them on the table. 'Take one of these packs,' said our host, addressing himself to Skeptic; 'open the cover and see if all the cards are right.' 'No preparation!' demanded Skeptic. 'No, I assure you. What I am about to show you now I could do with any cards.' 'Of course,' ejaculated Skeptic, sneeringly, and began to tear the cover from the pack. Skeptic looked at the cards, and we all looked at the conjuror. When Skeptic pronounced the cards 'all correct,' Herr Hermann took them in his hands, and, flinging them down on the table with their faces uppermost, said, 'There are eight of you. When I leave the room, and the door is shut on me, let each person draw a card from the pack, return it, and shuffle the cards.' He left the room, bidding us to recall him when we were ready. Each man took a card and put it back. Then we all had a shuffle at the pack, excepting Skeptic, who thought he knew all about the trick, and the conjuror was brought back in due time. He took the cards in his hand. There are eight of you,' he said, 'each one has drawn a card and replaced it; and the eight cards, if you have well shuffled them, should be dispersed through the pack. No eye could see into this room when the door was shut; even knowing the cards—were that possible—would leave the seeming impossibility of bringing the eight cards together; you will acknowledge that. Behold what art can do!' He gave the cards a sort of flourish, and placing the pack on his left palm, threw from the top the eight cards which we had drawn. He then turned to the Skeptic, and, with a good-humored smile, enquired whether he had any idea how the trick was done. Our *nil admirari* friend laughed, and said nothing; but shortly afterwards he was heard to observe, 'Curious, alot it is!' This trick gave rise to a good deal of talk, and some divination; but there were no two opinions about it; it was allowed by all to be the most complete and inexplicable feat of legerdemain ever witnessed.

"Trick No. 2 was even more astonishing and incomprehensible. 'You know,' said Herr Hermann, addressing the whole party, after some discussion had gone on about the sleight-of-hand performances, 'I work by wit, and not by witchcraft.' 'Of course,' read Sir Jack,' interposed Skeptic. 'But what,' continued the conjuror, not heeding the interruption, 'supposing I were to interpret your thoughts—to know what was passing through your mind?' That, indeed, would be a trick above natural magic,' I exclaimed. Skeptic filled his glass and winked at his neighbor, as one who would say, 'I know all about it.' 'We shall see,' said Herr Hermann. 'Now, each of you two gentlemen,' he went on, speaking to his right-hand guests, 'think of a card; do not say one to touch one; and taking up the pack he threw the cards from right to left on the table. The choice was quickly made. Herr Hermann recovered the cards, shuffled them and spread them out as before. "The card,' he said, 'one of you thought of is there; the card the other thought of is absent.' One of the cards selected was not to be seen—the other was found. The conjuror took the cards again, shuffled them before, and exposed them on the table. 'Now,' he cried, 'the illusion is reversed. The missing card reappears; and the card thought of that was present is not to be found. Search!" And such was the case. Of intern, had come and gone at the bidd[illegible] ed to be magician, who seemed to every one to count [illegible] The card a physical influence [illegible] ing of the wonderful breasted [illegible] Atlanta, exercise a mental rather than becau[illegible] Reader, more over them. Wonder was ex- The [illegible] every countenance, and Skeptic, annoyed [illegible] he was foiled, drank of an additional bumper to [illegible] in celebration. A moment's consideration will qualify him for understanding that the means by which the feat of the trick must satisfy anybody of its extreme cleverness and incomprehensibility. The only possible solution that offers itself is in the supposition that the conjuror, by some process of his own, was enabled to follow the eyes of the gentlemen in their direction to the cards spread on the table, and to mark those which they made use of. Knowing the cards, of course an expert practitioner would find no difficulty in manipulating them as he pleased; and getting rid of a card and returning it to the pack, contrived with whatever rapidity, is no extraordinary feat of legerdemain. Ascertaining to a certainty the cards upon which two persons have thrown a glance for a considerable space of time, as it is, it must be allowed, one of the most remarkable and puzzling achievements of the conjuror's art, and may be termed its crowning feat. I do not assert that it was by this process Herr Herrman ascertained the cards his guests thought of; but if not thus, I can conceive of no other method by which he made them known to him, unless, indeed, it were veritable witchcraft. Some ten or fifteen minutes had passed, and the conversation was about to lapse into generalities, when our host rose from his seat, and, taking from the table the cards went to the other end of the room. 'I want to ask your opinion of a trick which, no doubt, you have often seen—your opinion as to how I do it. Will you oblige me by taking a card?' 'May I be allowed to suggest the unopened pack of cards?' inquired Skeptic, looking around him with an air of wisdom. 'Oh, certainly,' answered Herr Hermann, 'open the untouched pack yourself, and then give it to me.' Skeptic removed the envelope from the new pack and scrutinised the cards carefully. The eyes of the company were now fixed on the pair, and no one spoke. Skeptic having satisfied himself that the cards had undergone no previous preparation, handed them to the conjuror. 'Take a card,' said the latter. It was done. 'Now take the pack in your own hands, put the card back, and shuffle.' Skeptic did as he was told, and smiled as he shuffled the cards in a variety of ways. 'It would be difficult, would it not,' asked Herr Herrmann, 'to tell you the card you drew?' 'Rather,' ejaculated Skeptic. 'What if I were to do more and make you draw again the same card?' 'I should like to lay £10 to a half crown on that.' 'Keep your money, my friend; I don't want to rob you. Give me the cards.' He took the cards from Skeptic, and, shuffling them, said: 'This time when you draw the card do not let anybody see it, nor say what it is until I ask you. I must do my tricks after my own fashion. Draw!' He drew. 'Now place the card upon the table back upward and cover it with your hand, holding it tightly.' Skeptic did as he was desired. 'Now, sir, is not that card the one which you drew first?' Certainly not,' exclaimed Skeptic, loudly and triumphantly. 'Indeed!' cried Herrman, 'there must be some mistake.' 'Are you sure?' 'Positive.' Name the cards.' 'I drew the queen of spades first, and this under my hand is the nine of diamonds.' 'Let me look at it.' Skeptic took away his hands, turned the card, and behold—the queen of spades. An explosion of laughter at Skeptic's expense was followed by a volley of cheers for this wonderfully clever feat of sleight-of-hand, if indeed it was so, for I was utterly at loss at the time—and am now when I think of it—to account for the manner in which it was accomplished. Many other tricks were exhibited in the course of the evening, but those related above were decidedly the newest and best, although some of the others would have made a common coin juror's fortune. Several times Herr Herrman held out a pack of cards and named beforehand the card any of us would draw, in spite of every effort on our part to foil him, and this without failing in any one instance. Of course 'passing a card' is one of the commonest tricks in card jugglery, but to 'pass a card,' and name it beforehand, and 'pass it' on a company so 'cunning of fence' and so wary as ours, was a very different matter. "Better than 'passing the card,' which we know is achieved with rapidity and neatness of fingering, was the trick with the pear, which, indeed, was as inconceivable as anything shown that evening. One of the party was asked by the conjuror to take a pear from the table and mark it, then to cut a slice from the same, to eat the slice and hand the pear to Herr Herman. This was done and the pear given to the conjuror, who, taking it in his hand threw it up toward the ceiling, caught it as it fell, and returned it sound and whole to the gentleman, who declared it was the same pear he had marked, and from which he had cut the slice."

BROWN'S DOG.—Brown owned a deep-mouthed animal, which always bayed him welcome home, and snatched mouthfuls of chops out of the legs of strangers. Brown took that faithful animal along with him one day to watch his clothes while he went in swimming. He bathed for an hour, and the dog meanwhile went to sleep on his garments. When Brown came out the dog did not recognize him in his nude condition, and refused to let him come near the garments. Every time Brown would grab for a brace or a sock the dog would bite a mouthful out of his arm or leg, and whenever he made a dive for a boot or an undershirt that animal would seize him by the calf and shake him. So Brown stood there in the sun, pretty nearly roasted, and he spent the afternoon dodging in and out of the water to avoid the female students at the boarding-school, and the factory girls coming down the road. At last, when the dog went to sleep, he crept behind him, caught him suddenly by the tail and flung him across the stream. Before the dog could swim back, Brown got most of his clothes upon his bleeding body and limbs, and then the dog came sidling up to him, looking as if he expected to be rewarded for his extraordinary vigilance. And yet they say that the dog is man's most faithful friend!

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.—A very old inhabitant of France perished last fall at Chantilly. This was an exceedingly ancient carp, a perfect patriarch among fishes, his age being no less than 375 years. He was a young fish in the reign of Francis I, and having been, we may presume, one of those privileged fishes that pass their lives in marble basins, his inexpressive eyes must have witnessed not a few changes in the costumes and manners of his successive human contemporaries. His last owner purchased him in 1871 for $1,900. He met his fate from the jaws of an enormous pike, which attacked him, with what intent it is difficult to understand, seeing that the carp was over three feet in length and about two and a half feet round the thickest part of his body.

A LADY dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortunes and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make yourself so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered the friend. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

A DRUNKARD, on being told that the earth is round, and turns on its axis all the time, said: "I believe that, for I've never been able to stand on the darned thing."

## OUR GAME BAG.

### Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

DER PUTIFUL RAIN.
(A LA BEAUTIFUL SNOW.)
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "THE MODEST QUENCHER."

Oh! der rain, der putiful rain,
Shlushing der ground mid a big wet shdain',
Shdopping do drop on a fair lady's nose,
Into de tops of your boods it goes.

Shlushing,
Dropping,
Soaking up gay,
As id fast drops down, mond afery vet day.

Oh! der putiful rain, so damp,
Yet enough do gafe you a cramp.
How nice id makes you drop your clothes,
(Id blays der very deuse mid dem.)
Valking,
Shtalking,
Soaging droo,
Der putiful rain vod shdrikes right droo.

Sed der vild ewerdhe id moode along,
Caliber each oder mid gause and mid shdrong.
As id shdrikes ond ide fun, each one does him shdrain
Do get ond der way of der putiful rain,
Running,
Flying,
Schooding aboud,
Und gursing der putiful rain, no doubd.

Once I vas vit like der rain so free,
Bud now I am always so dry as can be,
Like der rain, as in bumber der cronud id does beat,
I often habe laid me all after der schtreed,
Dumbling, drelling, rolling aroundt,
(Remainder in der gudder, I rolled from der ground.)

### CONUNDRUMS.

How can one get along well? Dig it deep.

WHEN is a boat-race like a herring? When it is hard-rowed.

WHY is the letter G like plum-cake? Because it makes a lad glad.

WHY is the world like a piano? Because it's full of sharps and flats.

WHY is snuff like the letter S? Because it's the beginning of sneezing.

WHY should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes men mean.

WHY does a blockhead deserve promotion? Because he is equal to any post.

WHY are umbrellas like pan-cakes? Because they are seldom seen after Lent.

WHAT is the funniest burglary on record? When a man breaks into a laugh.

WHY does a railroad conductor punch a hole in your ticket? To let you pass through.

WHY is a person who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Because he is no better.

WHY are young ladies given to dreamy speculations? Because they build castles in the air.

WHY have poultry no future state of existence? Because they have their necks twirled (next world) in this.

WHAT is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover? One kisses his misses and the other misses his kisses.

WHY is it almost certain that Shakespeare was a money-broker? Because no man has furnished so many stock quotations.

### BREVITIES.

HE THAT THINKS himself the happiest man is really so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is really the greatest fool.

"WE'RE in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us," moaned an old lady.

"LENNY, you're a pig," said a father to his five year-old boy. "Now do you know what a pig is, Lenny?" "Yes sir, a hog's little boy."

"ROAST BEEF," said a boarder to a waiter at the —— house. "How will you have it, sir?" "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

A LOUISVILLE GIRL spoke of the weather being so spring-like, a day or two ago, that she "felt like going over into Pete Dillon's lot and taking a good wallow."

"NOW, THEN, children," said a parish schoolmistress, showing her pupils off on examination-day, "stand all men?" "You, missus," was the [illegible] and her [illegible] reader.

A LA CROSSE girl has been turned out of house [illegible] for rubbing her cheeks against her sister's husband's beard when she wished to get up a healthful glow for a ball.

"HOME is the place for boys," said Spinks to his eldest pride and boy. "Yes," said the youngster, dutifully, "I'd like to stay at home all the time, but ma sends me to school."

"THERE'S ONE THING," said a gentleman at a race, 'that nobody can beat, and that is time." "Fudge!" exclaimed a bystander, "every drummer in the land beats time!"

A YOUNG DOCTOR in Norwalk spends his leisure hours in practising on the cornet, and passers-by, thinking an amputation is going on inside, are deluded as to the number of the man's patients.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER writes that they have fire-flies so large in his neighborhood that they use them to cook by. They hang the kettles on their hind-legs, which are best for the purpose like pot-hooks.

THE LATEST PATENT has been taken out by a railway restaurateur. It is for a reversible gutta-percha beef-steak, which can be fried and served up four times a day for a year, before it requires renewal.

SQUIRE.—"Why, Pat, what are you doing standing by the wall of the public-house? I thought you were a teetotaller?" Pat.—"Yes, yer honor, I'm just listenin' to them impenitent boys drinkin' inside."

A LITTLE GIRL, who had been much exercised in mind in regard to steam-boiler explosions, has hit upon a good plan to prevent them in future, to wit: "Fill the boiler with ice and set it in the fire place."

"WIFE, do you know that I have got the pneumonia?" "Now monta, indeed. Such extravragance! You're the spendthriftiest man! I ever did see, to go and lay out money for such trash, when I need a new bonnet so much."

AN IRISHMAN having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving a quarter from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the money and then at him, and at last exclaimed: "I'm overpaid for the job."

"THEN YOU are fond of dancing, sir?" said a pretty girl to her partner. "On the contrary, miss, I detest it." "But this is our fourth polka, if I don't mistake?" "True; but the fact is, my doctor has ordered me a good perspiration at any cost."

HOOD (really in agony about his polished inlaid floor)—"Hadn't you better come on the carpet, old fellow? I'm so afraid you might slip, you know." Guest (with wooden leg)—"Oh, it's all right, old fellow. Thanks! There's a nail at the end, you know!"

AN OLD LADY in a town in Worcester county, Mass., recently refused the gift of a load of wood from a tree which had been struck by lightning, through fear that some of the "fluid" might remain in the wood and cause disaster to her kitchen stove.

FIRST REVELER (on being turned out of the Caledonian Club): "Come and take a glass at my rooms." Second Reveler: "Na, na, ah've had mair than eneuch!" First Reveler: Hoots! Yah! saither, man! D'ye no see ye're letitin' yer judgment get the better of ye?"

### MERRY MOMENTS.

SCHOOLMISTRESS to dull little boy, "Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. When I was your age, I could read twice as well as you can." Johnny—"Yes'm, but you had a different teacher from what I've got."

A CITY EDITOR, speaking of a fat rural contemporary, said, "If all flesh is grass he must be a load of hay." "I expect I am," said the obese farmer-editor, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

SLIGHTLY INDISPOSED.—"Johnny, my dear, run to the store and get some sugar," said a mother to a precious son of eleven years. "Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring a paper of tobacco along."

PRACTISING WHAT HE PREACHED.—A young man in San Francisco found an old deacon he knew "bucking the tiger" in a gambling hell. "What," he exclaimed, "deacon, you here?" "Yes," was the reply, "I am bound to break down this evil institution."

AN IRATE FEMALE.—The Memphis *Appeal* tells of an Irishman who got laughed at for making faces over some persimmons, and who retorted: "Ye may grin, ye mutton-headed idiots! but I can lather the sowl out of the man that spilt vinegar over thim plums."

AS THE rose tree is composed of the sweetest flowers, and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene; so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pain.

A NEW WAY TO MAKE BREAD.—A Frenchman, soliciting relief of an English lady, said, gravely, to his fair hearer: "Madame, I nevaire beg, but dat I have von wife vid several small family dat is growing very large, and nosing to make dere bread out of but de perspiration of my own eye-brows."

TO BE perfectly free from the vicissitudes of fortune we should arm ourselves with the reflection that none but intellectual possessions are what we can perfectly call our own—that all things from without are but borrowed—that what fortune gives is not ours—and whatever she gives she can take away.

THE FLEA.—A gentleman who politely held a lady's lap-dog while she was preparing to pay her omnibus fare has since commenced the study of entomology. He says the flea is a very small insect, with hopping propensities and a prodigious bite, and that it is almost womanly in its fondness for men and shaggy little dogs. He carries some beautiful live specimens around with him.

"DOT SEDDLED IN."—One Jones, employed in a manufacturing establishment, did not put in an appearance the other morning, but just before dinner his wife came in and said in explanation: "You must excuse him; he and I had a little dispute at the table this morning, and he won't be able to work before the middle of the week." The employer stated that the explanation was satisfactory, he having been married twenty-five years himself.

ABOUT DOMINOES.—Indignant wife.—"A pretty hour to come home, this! What do you mean by deceiving me so cruelly?" Cruel husband.—"Deceive you—" Indignant wife.—"Don't tell me any more lies! Didn't you say last night that you were only going to a quiet little party—dominoes, and that sort of thing?" Cruel husband.—"Just so! That's what I said, exactly. Dominoes—dominoes, you know! Always have dominoes at a masked ball!"

NO DANGER.—Cooke, the actor, while once delighting the Scotch with his inimitable performance, and the night being very hot, and the tragedian having acted his best, towards the close of the evening felt not a little fatigued. The manager perceived this, and between the scenes he took the actor into his dressing-room, and unlocking a cupboard, selected a small thistle glass, and filling it with whiskey, said, "Here, Maister Cooke, I dinna think 'twill hurt ye." "No," said George, glancing at the size of the glass, "no, my friend, not if it were vitriol."

A PROLIFIC COW.—An exchange says that a few days ago Jerome Wilson's cow, in Carroll county, Tenn., foaled forty-one calves "at a sitting." One only of this number was well developed and is living. The rest were in size from a rat to a rabbit. The cow, being satisfied with her great achievement, has died of joy.

## NEW PLAYS AT THE LONDON, ENG., THEATRES.

### "THE HAPPY LAND,"

a burlesque version of Gilbert's "Wicked World," by Messrs. F. Tomline & Gilbert A'Beckett, was produced at the Court Theatre, London, Eng., on March 8d. It is a very funny piece and its success was complete, the following notice appearing in the *Era*:

"It is divided—unwisely, we think—into two parts, and had the last of these been omitted altogether the success would have been even more decided than it was. The idea upon which the authors have worked is not capable of too much elaboration. It wears itself out when overdone, and, funny at the first, almost degenerates into a horse at last. Of course Mr. Gilbert's beautiful conception supplies the groundwork of the piece, the sons and sons of Messrs. Tomline and A'Beckett having evidently been to take a way the peculiar element which lends such a charm to the original, and to supply in its place some very extravagant fun at the expense of the Gladstone government. When the curtain rises the fairies are gazing at the 'Wicked World,' or, rather, the 'Happy Land' below, for the said Happy Land, as we quickly learn, is our own beloved England. Three brothers Ethelo, Phyllon and Lestin (they obey on 'an oriental platform, illuminated by 10,000 colored lamps,' entering with considerable zest into the mysteries of the Parisian Quadrille. The fairies, it is evident, think very little of the pictures of the reports their brothers continually bring them as to the state of things among mortals. Selene declaring that she does not believe it is such a wicked world as they say it is, and Titania replying to the latter question: 'If it be, why do they stay so long?' When the three brothers return they are congratulating each other on their doings upon that earth where there are such things as cheque and bottled stout; when there is no need for virgin's bosoms to burn pass every door, where women paint their cheeks and spend their sons upon their back hair 'because we like it.' The female fairies having overheard the conversation, promptly resolve that they too shall visit 'The Happy Land.' For, says Zaphe, 'here we have nothing to eat but fruit, and it's been a bad fruit year; here, nothing to drink but water, the latter complaint existing from Lethe the remark that 'it has been a good water year,' a truism which also elicited a burst of merriment from the audience. On the next visit of the fairies to England they promise to send three mortals, that their sisters may see how they like them. Accordingly there soon appear the Right Hon. Mr. Ethelo, the Right Hon. Mr. Phyllon, and the Right Hon. Mr. Lestin, wonderfully made up as Messrs. Gladstone, Lowe and Ayrton respectively. They bring with them the 'priceless gift' of popular government, and the greatest fun of the piece consists in the competitive examination through which the fairies have to pass in order to secure the various positions in the Cabinet. The fairy who, when asked for her views on Non-Conformist ship, replies, 'I've had a ship!' is at once selected as the most fitting candidate for the post of First Lord of the Admiralty; the belly of the troupe is made Commissioner of Public Works; and the fairy who answers that twice two is three is at once appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. After six months of office the fairies become disgusted with the cares of government and with the many messes and tricks they must resort to in order to retain their power, and begging forgiveness for what they have acted with scorn. On the 6th the management received intimation from the Lord Chamberlain to the effect that official dignity could not tolerate such unmerciful caricaturing, and that either the burlesque or the 'Queen's Speech' must be withdrawn. After the performance bills were posted stating that, in consequence of the prohibition, the house would remain closed until further notice. Other arrangements were subsequently made, however, and the following night the piece was opened as usual, the burlesque, shorn of its objectionable features, being included in the programme."

### "THE COWARD."

The latest Parisian dramatic sensation is the reappearance upon the stage of the eldest pupil of Scribe, M. Frederick Lemaitre, in a new five-act drama from the pen of M. Alfred Tourrande, entitled "Un Lache!" ("The Coward."), produced at the Ambigu Comique, Paris, on Feb. 28. M. Tourrande has written several pieces, one of which, "Le Batard" ("The Bastard") was a great success at the Odeon some few years back, and his works are always sure of a steady run, as the style in which they are written is forcible and realistic. His hero is determined to call a spade a spade, and as he always chooses peculiar plots, involving every known crime and intrigue of the French boards, the effect of his dialogue can be better imagined than described. The new drama has been received with favor, the respect felt by the audience for the veteran Lemaitre tempering the censure which some portions of the plot richly deserve. A slight sketch of the original is subjoined:

"The coward is the Count de Saint Harem, who, madly in love with the wife of his best friend, has calumniated a certain honest gentleman of the name of Mauclerc, accusing him of the treachery he himself commandates. The outraged husband, incensed by the falsehoods of the latter, like Othello, challenges him to a duel, and is mortally wounded. Before his death Mauclerc finds out the villainy of Saint Harem, and adopts as his son Roger, the darling child of the dying man. Saint Harem, face to face with Mauclerc, confesses all, swears down before his death-bed, and humbles himself so far as to write a full confession of his guilt. The drama commences twenty years after these events, and we find that the coward, ignored by all, has a son Gaston, who has been brought up by his father as the result of a liaison. Gaston is in love with a young girl, Adrienne, who, however, prefers Roger. The rival lovers quarrel, and Gaston insults Roger, telling him how he is living on the bounty of Mauclerc's money. Roger, who is ignorant of this secret, reproaches Mauclerc, but being told the true version of the story, swears that he will be reverenced on Saint Harem by provoking the coward's son to a duel. In a fencing saloon, Roger publicly insults Gaston, who swears to universal praise, Roger publicly [illegible] Gaston causes [illegible] is made for [illegible] [illegible] thanks him, and an appointment [illegible] next morning. The old Count now appears and implores his darling son not to fight, as Mauclerc has declared that if he will make public the confession of crime drawn up many years ago. This is the best scene of the play, and the effect of the poor trembling old man obliged to reveal his past errors to his proud and self-reliant son brought down the house. Above all his pride gone, sits down to write an apology, and thus save his father, when Adrienne, the promised wife of Roger, comes to beg him not to oppose her betrothed. The young soldier, mad with jealous rage, flings the pen from his hand, and declares that he will kill his hated rival. The last scene takes place in a forest, and the enemies are about to cross swords, when Roger, with noble generosity, gives the fatal sword to Gaston, and tells him that he can fight on equal terms, declaring ultimate dishonor. Gaston is mortally wounded, and, as the father approaches to succor him, he receives from the hands of his dying son the shameful document. The Count then shows it to Adrienne and Roger, and dies at Gaston's body. The chief attraction in this curious play is the finished impersonation of Frederick Lemaitre, now nearly eighty years old, as the despicable Saint Harem, and his great scene with his son was the signal for a storm of applause that lasted for entirely rone, but his auditors listen respectfully to his every word per; and the new generation, who only judge of his former talent by hearsay, can see, by the gestures and movements of the comedian, that they are in the presence of the ghost of a great actor."

### "A RESTLESS NIGHT,"

a farce, was presented for the first time upon the opening night of the Holborn, March 3. It is an emanation from the brain of Mr. F. Hay, and the plot is of the slightest description. A vine-yard, belonging to Pyrenees, M. Goriot, has a daughter Annette, in love against her [illegible] will with a guide Jacques, and a [illegible] Corporal Tir, who is also a suitor for her hand. One day, his absence being the signal for the appearance of the lover and also a certain Corporal Tir, the lover of the maid Fifine. But M. Goriot coming back sooner than he is expected, something must be done to dispose of the unwelcome guests. He informs them that burglars are hovering about the house, and Corporal Tir offers his services, which are of small avail, seeing that he immediately gets intoxicated, and, firing off his musket at random, makes the whole place too hot to hold him. Jacques and Annette escape. The corporal's declaration that all the housebreakers are scared away by the shot, and the fact that M. Goriot is only frightened instead of hurt, causes him to forgive the tricks of the lovers, and both marries and maid secure their partners with little trouble. It was followed by "A Waif," but as this was at once recognized as "The Bagpicker of Paris," it is not necessary to detail the plot.

### "ONLY A PLAYER,"

Mr. Bandmann's version of the German play of Dr. Robin, founded upon a supposed incident in the life of Gar

## CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

### THO' IT WERE VAIN IF TOLD TO THEE.

TO DOLLY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY C. A. R.

Though it were vain if told to thee, since fate has fixed its dart,
How all in all never dear to me in life and love thou art;
For the which bind thee here my thou hast I can ever break,
But, fixed and steadfast as the vow which thou wert called to make,
They must remain, and, like the stars when clouded in their flight,
Will shine behind their dark veil here until the rainy bright.
Till all sins behind their dark veil here have committed ere thy will,
Had wisdom, time, and providence been committed here still;
Then thy reasons, if not thy sin, had been unknown here still;
Then thy heart been happy, and thy fate had fell but little of
Those the bitterness, the blight of unrequited love.
The reason, the bitterness, the blight of unrequited love.
Though vanished now thy sweetest dreams, thy hopes all withering
Yet raise thy darling eyes again, uplight thy drooping heart—
'Twas not thy fault—'tis not thy shame that now and As must part.

Philadelphia, March 24, 1873.

### A BRIDEGROOM IN THE WRONG BED.

**Anxiety of the Bride and Confusion of the Bridesmaids.**

At a late hour Tuesday night quite a bridal party arrived in the city and put up at one of our hotels. The bride was accompanied by two or three young lady friends, and the groom by two gentlemen. The names were registered in the usual way, but in some way a mistake was made in registering in the identity of the bride. The hours sped on toward dawn, and the bride in her silent chamber waited the appearance of her lord. Yet he came not. Surely, he was not sitting up all this time. The rest of the party had retired, she was certain, since she had heard them in their apartments. What had become of him? Impatience gradually grew into terror. She rang her bell and the servant knocked at the door.

"Do you know where my husband is?" she inquired.

"Ain't he in here, mam?"

"No."

"Maybe he stopped out in the city, mam, and will be back directly."

"I'm afraid; oh, do inquire at the office and see if there is any intelligence about him."

The servant retired, and in a few moments returned with the information that there was none. The wife was now alarmed in earnest. She never had a husband before, and, like the man who drew the elephant in the lottery, scarcely knew what to do with the animal. In her anxiety she went to the room of her bridesmaid and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" came in accents unmistakably masculine.

"Sir, Sarah; but mercy, who are you?"

There was a sudden stir and the sound of feet falling heavily on the floor.

"Who the devil am I in bed with, then?" she heard the man say, as the door swung open and her husband's face peeped out.

"Oh! I'm distracted about you; where have you been?"

"I've been here in bed; but desce take me, I thought you were, too?"

"Oh! James, it wasn't me."

"Who is it, then?"

"Why, it's Sarah."

"The devil."

"Oh! no, James, it was Sarah. Didn't you know it, James?"

"Blast me if I did! I found her asleep, and, thinking this was our room, I crept into bed and went to sleep," replied James, evidently impressed with the idea that he had a difficult case to argue.

"Is she asleep yet, James?"

"Why, don't you hear her snore?"

But just then Sarah waked up, and, seeing a man in her room, filled the hall with people. And now the bridegroom found himself in a delicate position. In the hurry of extricating the matter to his wife he had neglected to put on his pants; and now in his eager search for them he was dancing around the room like one possessed, and then imploring Sarah to hush.

"I'm going, don't you see?"

But Sarah was seeing too much, and she wouldn't hush; and the wife in the hall, hemmed in by the eager crowd, had leaned her head against the wall and was enjoying a hearty cry. At last, however, the pants were found and put on, and the husband and wife escaped to their chamber, whilst Miss Sarah double-locked the door against further intrusion. The next morning explanations were gone into, but there's no denying that both the ladies were the least bit incredulous, and it is said a perceptible coldness has grown up between them, whilst the unintentionally offending bridegroom walks about a good deal, his head down, and evidently indulging in pleasant meditations.—*Boston Post.*

### ANOTHER DECEIVED WOMAN.

The usual quiet community of Niles, Mich., were startled from their Sabbath solemnity on March 16, by the report that another poor, friendless victim had, by her own rash act, gone unprepared to the presence of her Maker. The facts of the case we here present: About the 23d of December last a young woman by the name of Nettie Flynn went to the city of Niles and took board with the family of a Mr. Butler, on Sycamore street, since which time her only apparent occupation has been that of learning hairdressing with Mrs. Wilson, a colored professional in the business; and apparently up to the Saturday night previous to the sad tragedy Nettie was the happy possessor of a gay and contented disposition. About half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of the first-named date the family of Mr. Butler, who had retired to the dining-room for the purpose of taking dinner, were startled by the report of a pistol coming from a distant room of the house, where but two minutes before they left Nettie; but upon hastening to the spot to learn the cause they were horrified at discovering the body of the unfortunate woman stretched lifeless on the floor, the fatal pistol lying about four feet distant, the ball from which had pierced the heart, causing instant death. Justice C. P. Barron, being notified, immediately summoned a jury, whose verdict was that Nettie Flynn came to her death by a pistol-ball, the pistol being fired by her own hand. It is hardly necessary to say that this is but another victim to be added to the long list of women deceived, who, rather than become the mother of an illegitimate child, would fill the suicide's grave. From further inquiries, it appears that about four years ago Nettie was married to a man by the name of O'Bryan, then residing at Ann Arbor, and now living in the state of New York. After two years of wedded misery, her husband becoming dissipated and failing to support her, she left his bed and board, since which time she has resumed her maiden name, and by various means supported herself. Nettie was about twenty-one years of age, bright-eyed and cheerful, and with a pleasant greeting for everyone, she soon formed the acquaintance of that portion of the male community who are ever on the alert to pounce upon and take advantage of destitution and friendlessness. It is even hinted that several of Niles' respectable married men, by lending their assistance, influenced the poor unfortunate in leading a life that finally ended with the suicide's death.

THIRD OF LIVE.—The villagers of Montgomery, N. Y., were thrown into dismay on March 19 by the sad intelligence that Miss Hattie Clayton, an interesting young lady, aged about twenty years, had committed suicide by taking a dose of laudanum. Investigation into the affair proved that the rumor was well founded. Miss Clayton was the daughter of a poor widow of Montgomery. The latter left home on March 17th to visit another daughter in the country. A young lady on the latter date went to Montgomery with a letter to Miss Clayton for her mother. The messenger went to the house, and seeing nor hearing no one about, entered a bedroom, where she discovered Miss Clayton lying on the bed, apparently dead. The young lady, although greatly shocked, went to the bedside and saw that Miss Clayton was still alive. A cup containing laudanum stood on a stand by the bedside, and upon the arrival of a physician the young lady was found dead. A note addressed to her mother was found on the floor, and ran as follows:

MONTGOMERY, March 17, 1873.

DEAR MOTHER AND ELLEN.—Mourn not for the act I am about to commit. The thought of self-destruction has long hung upon my weary brain, and caused me to sink at last. There is not a person to blame but myself, for I am the cause of mother and sister. Just think of me as Hattie, who has ascended to a home beyond the skies, where sadness and sorrow shall cease. I will bid my friends and this world an affectionate farewell. This shall be my death.

HATTIE CLAYTON.

The news of the sad affair spread rapidly, and word was conveyed to the mother of the unfortunate girl. She returned home, and became nearly crazed over the tragic fate of her daughter. A jury was summoned by the acting coroner. Dr. Millspaugh testified that Miss Clayton was subject to great melancholy and had many times expressed a desire to die. She often wondered how she was permitted to live so long. The Claytons were in very poor circumstances, and Hattie had recently been disappointed in getting work, and had been in low spirits for some days. John Topping, clerk in Bradner Smith's drug-store, said that Miss Clayton came to the drug-store and representing that she was suffering from a severe ear-ache, purchased two ounces of laudanum.

HASTY WEDDING AND QUICK REPENTANCE.—A MAIDEN IN SHORT CLOTHES PLAYS HOOD AND AN AMOROUS ARCHCHIEF.—A few days ago a wedding took place in Bedminster township, the principals in which performance shall be nameless. The bridegroom was a man well advanced in years, having passed middle life, but possessing the charm of worldly wealth. He made love to a young lady of about twenty, who, after the repeated importunities of her parents, finally accepted her aged suitor, but before the time arrived for the ceremony to take place repented and peremptorily declined to consummate the engagement. A younger sister, hardly out of her short clothes then—half in jest, half in earnest—voluntarily offered to take her sister's place upon the man pledging himself to settle upon her $11,000 immediately after the ceremony should be performed. This offer was gladly accepted, the parents sanctioned the bargain, and in due time the union took place—the minister performing the service doing so with much reluctance. After all was over the young bride, as if for the first time realizing her position, seemed suddenly filled with remorse, and frantically called upon the clergyman to untie the knot. Upon being told that it was too late, she utterly refused to have anything further to do with her newly-made husband, and left him to make what he pleased out of it. Entreaties were of no avail; and the man took his departure.—*Somerville, N. J., Unionist.*

CHARGED WITH RAPE.—Jonathan Kirkner, of the firm of Ross, James & Kirkner, Newport, Ky., was arrested on March 16, charged with rape, committed upon the person of Mary Jarvis, a child under ten years of age, daughter of John Jarvis, a scissors grinder, who lives on Saratoga street. The arrest was made upon a warrant sworn out by the father. Kirkner is a married man, and has heretofore borne a good character. The crime with which he is charged is punishable, under the statutes of Kentucky, with death, the child being under twelve years of age. Kirkner was taken before C. P. Buchanan, who committed him to jail, it not being a bailable case. The only evidence against the accused are the statements of the child herself and the injuries which it is alleged she has received. Kirkner has been held to answer.

AN ADULTRESS.—Elizabeth A. Hardy, reputed to be of easy virtue, captured a young man named Alfred R. Jacobs by her charms a few days since, at Lowell, Mass., and the two were married on March 13. Property embezzled from the bride's father added to her attractions, but the honeymoon was saddened by the fact being made known to them that a warrant for the arrest of the bride for adultery had been issued, she having a husband, Frank F. Plummer, at Hennikar, N. H. The two hired a hack for $10, which took them to West Chelmsford on March 14, where they jumped aboard the afternoon train for New York, escaping arrest.

MAN AND WIFE.—In 1831 Jacob Flagg, of this city, an intemperate man, had a most excellent wife, who, tired of her repeated failures in the line of his reformation, finally left him. Flagg advertised her thus: "Left my bed and board, one of the best of wives. Whoever will give information as to where I may find her shall be suitably rewarded and all charges paid." It is fair to say the good wife returned, the husband reformed and the couple lived together happily for many years.

EXPENSIVE LOVE MAKING.—The Marion, Ohio, *Mirror* tells of a case in Fulton county where a girl sued a man for seduction, and obtained a judgment for $500, then another judgment for $500 for breach of marriage promise, then her father got $198 as damages sustained by him in the matter, and then she sued for slander and obtained $300 more, while to these judgments are to be added the costs, which will amount to as much more.

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

### To Correspondents.

R. W. HILL.—Your reply is very gladly received; let us know how you like the books. Any chess news from Montana will be welcome.

J. A. KUSSNER.—The same to you. It is a genuine pleasure to serve gents more who so appreciate and reciprocate our efforts.

DAMIANE.—G. R. C. pronounces your 3-move resolution of Bolton's 11-mover, one, to be all right. Davidge (that, noting our notice in ex Prob. 39), he honors you with the following criticism: "It yields to 1...B x Kt. The var. Black 1...K to his 4, requires 2...Q to her B 1, and 3...B to Q sq., or Q to W 7, according to the defence, is very pretty. One variation, however, is imperfect: witness—If 1...K to Q B 5; 2...Q to K 3. K to Kt 5; 3...Q to her B 3 +, and Bishop mates in two ways; or, 3...B to K 6, followed by 4...Q to Kt 3, mate."

F. H. THURMAN, Providence, R. I.—Accept our thanks for the interesting papers.

THE B. C. A. TOURNEY.—As we anticipated, the number of entries has largely increased since the list made up for us by Mr. Townsend.

NEW DOMINION CONGRESS.—We learn that the Canadian players anticipate a success in their efforts to hold a national chess congress, and that it will convene in Toronto, in May. Earl Dufferin is expected to be present, and a patron of the gathering.

HARTFORD VS. BOSTON.—There was a slight hitch over the 24 pawns of this match, producing a "bit av a discoochin'," as Boston on one occasion very materially overstepped the time limit. This led to some pretty sharp skirmishing for a few minutes, the dignity of the skirmish decidedly remaining with Hartford. We fear Boston forgot, at the moment, that a lady was one of the principal antagonists. The question was amicably remitted to arbitrators, and Boston adjudged to have forfeited the game. The match was to be continued in the most friendly spirit.

A TOURNEY IN CLEVELAND.—There has been going on for several months past in Cleveland, O., a contest among members of the Cleveland Chess Club for a silver cup, and culminated on March 18, Mr. I. I. Judd being the victor. Read the score:

| | Won. | Lost. | Total. | | Won. | Lost. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| W. E. Adams | 1 | 3 | 4 | L. A. Russell | 6 | 5 | 11 |
| L. Sagder | 6 | 4 | 10 | E. D. Stark | 5 | 10 | 15 |
| F. A. Hillard | 7 | 4 | 11 | R. J. Waiters | 5 | 9 | 14 |
| D. R. Jennings | 0 | 3 | 3 | | | | |
| I. I. Judd | 6 | 4 | 10 | Total No. games played | | | 73 |

Messrs. Sander, Hillard and Judd having lost the same number of games, it was decided that each should play one game each with the other two. In this trial Mr. Judd won as before stated, winning two games.

### Notes on Kling's Chess Euclid.—No. 21.

BY GEO. H. CARPENTER.

NUMBER XLIII.

WHITE.—King at Q 5; Queen at K R sq.; Bishop at K B sq.; Knight at Q Kt 8, and Pawn at K B 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q 5th.

Mate in 3, by 1...Q to K 3, Kt to Q B 4; 2...Q to K 4, etc. In the variation Black 1...King to his 4, 2...B to Q Kt 4, or B 1, or R 3, or K to Q 1, or K to his 7. The following is a correct version:

WHITE.—King at his R 4; Queen at her B sq.; Bishop at Q B 3; Knight at K B 6, and Pawns at Q Kt 2d.

BLACK.—King at Q 6, and Pawn at K B 6th.

Mate in 3, by 1. Q to her B 3d, etc. The mating positions are very pretty; and, as a consequence, are to be met with in a large number of problems.

NUMBER XLIV.

WHITE.—King at his Kt 3; Queen at her Kt 3; Rooks at Q B 2 and K Kt 6; Bishops at K B 3 and K R 4, and Knight at K 3d.

BLACK.—King at his B 3; Queen at her R sq.; Rooks at Q R 4 and Q R 6; Bishop at Q R 2; Kt at Q sq.; Pawns at Q 4, K 3, K B 2 and K B 6th.

White mates in 3, through 1...B to Kt 4 *dis* +; 2...Q to her B 4, etc. A 3-move version of XV. Our author returns to this idea repeatedly. For other forms of this ruse, see Nos. XLVII, LXXI, LXXII, CXXIII and CXXXVIII.

NUMBER XLV.

WHITE.—King at his 2; Rook at Q 2 d; Knight at K 3 and Pawn at K B 3d.

BLACK.—King at his 5th.

White mates in 3; by 1...R to Q 8; 2...K to Q 3; 3...R mates.

Based upon the old and well-known position of Lucena. The idea dates as far back as 1495. There are extant many modern versions, among which are selected as specimens the two following:

WHITE.—King at his 3; Rook at K Kt 7; Bishop at Q B 4, and Knight at K 4th.

BLACK.—King at his 4th.

White mates in 3, by "J. B., of Bridport." 1...B to Kt 5, K to Q 4; 2...K to his B 4, etc., with a variation. And:

WHITE.—King at Q 2; Rook at K R 5; Bishop at Q sq., and Knight at Q Kt 2d.

BLACK.—King at Q 5th.

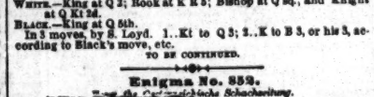
In 3 moves, by S. Loyd. 1...Kt to Q 3; 2...K to B 3, or his 3, according to Black's move, etc.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Enigma No. 853.

From the Cincinnati Chess Chronicle.

BY OSCAR GELSPUTE.

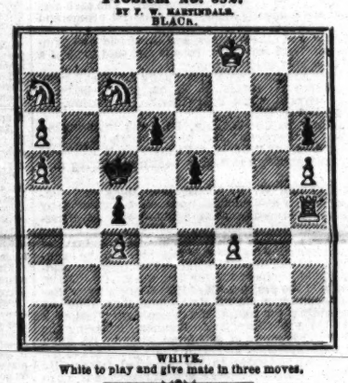


White to play and give mate in four moves.

### Problem No. 852.

BY F. W. HARVINDALE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

### Game No. 852.

*Partie* in a tourney at Vienna between Herr R. F. (Emil Feyerfeil?) and Herr H. Lahner.—Schachzeitung.

KING'S GAMBIT EVADED.

| Attack. Herr F. P. | Defence. Herr Lahner. | Attack. Herr F. P. | Defence. Herr Lahner. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 31. Kt to his sq | K Kt to K 7 |
| 2. P-K B 4 | K B-B 4 | 32. K-K sq | K Kt x Kt |
| 3. P-K B 4 | P-Q 3 | 33. K R x Kt | Q x P |
| 4. P-Q B 3 | Q Kt-B 3(a) | 34. Q-her 6 | R-K B sq(f) |
| 5. K B-K 2(b) | K Kt-B 3 | 35. R-R 7 + | K x K B |
| 6. P-Q 4 | P x Q P | 36. Q x R P | K-Kt 3 |
| 7. B P x P | K B-Kt 5 + | 37. P-K R 3 | P-Q R 5 |
| 8. Q B-Q 3 | K Kt x P | 38. Q-her B 5 | Q R-Q 4 |
| 9. Q B x B | Q Kt x B | 39. Q-her B 3 | P-Q B 4 |
| 10. Castles | Castles | 40. Q-her Kt 6 | Q B x Q |
| 11. P-Q 5 | K Kt-Q 4 | 41. Q x Q | Q B x Q |
| 12. Q-her B 2 | Q Kt-K 2 | 42. R-his Kt 3 | P-Q R 4 |
| 13. P-Q Kt 4 | R-K Q 2 | 43. R-Q R sq | K-his Kt 2 |
| 14. Q Kt-B 3 | Castles | 44. K-his B 4 | P-K R 4 |
| 15. Castles | K Kt-K B 3 | 45. P-K R 4 | P-K B 3 |
| 16. Q R-Q sq | P-K R 3 | 46. P-K Kt 3 | Q B-K B |
| 17. K B-Q 2 | P-Q B 3 | 47. K-his B 3 | K-his B 4 |
| 18. Q P x P | P x P | 48. K-his B 2 | K-Kt 5 |
| 19. K-his R sq | Q Kt-Q 4(c) | 49. R-Q B sq | Q R-Q 4 |
| 20. Q Kt x Kt | Q Kt x Kt | 50. K R-K sq | K-B 4 |
| 21. P x P | P x P | 51. R-K B 3 | Q R-Q B 4 |
| 22. K R-Kt sq(d) | Q R-B sq | 52. K-Q sq | P-K Kt 4 |
| 23. Q-her B 5 | Kt x Kt P | 53. R P x P | K x Kt B P |
| 24. Q-her B 5 | Q-her Kt 3 | 54. R-Q R sq | B-Q Kt 8 |
| 25. P-Q 6 | P-Q B 5 | 55. K-his B 3 | P-Kt 5(g) |
| 26. R-Q sq | Q R x R | 56. Kt P x P + | K-his B 4 |
| 27. K R x R | K R-Q Kt sq | 57. P-K B 5 | K-Kt 4 |
| 28. K R-Q 3 | K Kt-Q 4 | 58. R-his Kt 3 | K x K P |
| 29. K R-Q 3 | Kt x K B P | 59. K-his R 4 | K-Kt 5, and |
| 30. K R x P | Q-K B 7(e) | | the Defence won. |

(a) Q B to Kt 5 is stronger. After the move here adopted the Attack can play at once P to Q 4.

(b) Very tame. K B, in this debut, should go to B 4. Far better, as above intimated, had been P to Q 4.

(c) By this move the Defence gives up his Q B P, but secures a free game.

(d) Making preparations to secure the weak Q P.

(e) This move secures for Herr Lehner, who has hitherto defended himself admirably, an excellent attack.

(f) Deliberately giving up the exchange and relying on his Pawns for victory.

(g) The correct move to bring the game to a successful termination. 58...P to K R 6, would have let Herr F. off with a draw.

## CHEQUERS.

### To Correspondents.

C. FLOWER.—One of our correspondents desires to know if you still reside at Syracuse.

MAC, Baltimore.—Ed. James will forward Spayth's American Draughts Player to your address on receipt of the price.

J. REANEY.—In all cases where it is a player's turn to move, and he should not be able to do so, he loses the game. This being the case, Black wins in the game alluded to.

### Game No. 50.—Vol. 30.

PLAYED BETWEEN MESSRS. SPAYTH AND BROWN

Communicated by Mr. Henry Spayth.

"WHITLER."

| Black. Mr. Spayth. | White. Mr. Brown. | Black. Mr. Spayth. | White. Mr. Brown. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1...11 to 15 | 23 to 19 | 15...15 to 19 | 24 to 15 |
| 2...7 11 | 26 23 | 16...10 19 | 23 16 |
| 3...3 7 | 31 17 | 17...13 20 | 5 5 |
| 4...8 11 | 25 31 | 18...7 10 | 15 11 |
| 5...16 20 | 30 26 | 19...10 15 | 27 24(d) |
| 6...8 11 | 19 16 | 20...20 27 | 31 24 |
| 7...12 19 | 23 16 | 21...20 36 | 11 6 |
| 8...9 13 | 16 12 | 22...25 22 | 24 20 |
| 9...5 9 | 16 13 | 23...22 18(c) | 20 11 |
| 10...9 14(a) | 25 19 | 24...15 24 | 6 4 |
| 11...11 16 | 13 9(b) | 25...4 11 | 21 17(e) |
| 12...4 11 | 19 12 | 26...10 14 | 17 10 |
| 13...14 18 | 29 25 | 27...19 24 | 28 19 |
| 14...11 16 | 21 9 | 28...23 14, White resigned. | |

(a) A fine move, which experienced players will readily appreciate. (b) This appears to be sound. (c) Correct. (d) Black plays "like clock-work," but the game appears drawable at this stage. (e) This loses—3 to 7 must draw.

### Solution of Position No. 98.—Vol. 30.

BY THE EDITOR D. P.

| White | Black. | White |
|---|---|---|
| 1...17 to 13 | 22 to 29 | 3...16 to 11, Drawn. |
| 2...24 27 | 31 22 | |

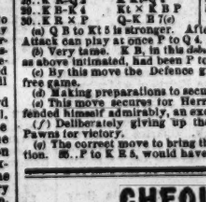
### Solution of Position No. 99.—Vol. 30.

BY C. ANDERSON.

| White. | Black. | White. |
|---|---|---|
| 1...10 to 6 | 22 to 13 | 5...9 to 5, Drawn. |
| 2...19 15 | 11 15 | |

### Position No. 100, Vol. 30. Position No. 101, Vol. 30.

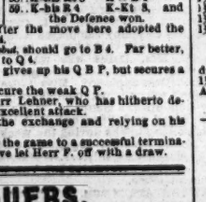
BY H. MCKAY. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BY OTSTOT. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

HOMER LANE and Wm. Ainsworth wrestled at the St. James Theatre, Boston, Mass., on the 20th inst., the former gaining the first and third falls, and being declared the winner. C. H. Kirk was referee, Lang Dolan umpire for Lane and Matt Ainsworth for brother man.

A CANINE CONTROVERSY between a Boston and a Providence dog took place at Southboro, Mass., on the 12th inst., the representative of the Hub being declared the winner after a fight of 1 hour and 25 minutes' duration.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AND A HOST OF OTHERS.
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CHAS. CALLENDER, Proprietor and Manager.
W. H. HICKS, Advance Agent.
CAUTION.—To proprietors of theatres, halls, hotel-keepers and the public in general: It having come to my knowledge that there are one or two small troupes now traveling, styling themselves the Georgia Minstrels, late from Lina Rogers's Theatre, 730 Broadway, N. Y. This is to give notice that the above troupes are frauds, and have never played in any theatre in New York, and that I am in no way connected with them, and will not be responsible for any debts they may incur. And hereafter, the troupe that has been traveling for the last eighteen months will be known as "Callender's Original Georgia Minstrels."
CHAS. CALLENDER.
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The Great End Song, sung by every body.
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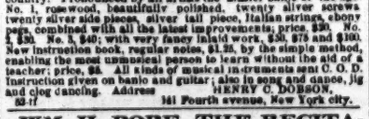

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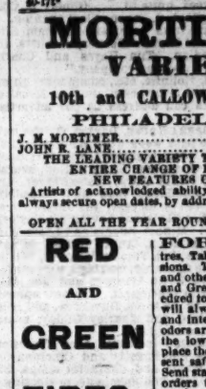

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